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5/8/87

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



PRESENTING SI'S NEW TV TANDUM—NOXON AND ROSTEN

What's it like to have one of Nolan Ryan's 100 mph fastballs coming at you? How does a high school basketball phenom go about choosing a college from among scores of offers? Those questions, and others, are answered this week as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED goes video. Wednesday, May 26 (8 p.m. Eastern and Pacific Time; 7 Central and Mountain) marks the premiere of a unique new series of prime-time sports programs entitled, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED: A SERIES FOR TELEVISION.

Back in our first issue, Aug. 16, 1954, Publisher H.H.S. Phillips Jr. described in this space why Time Inc. chose to publish a sports magazine. "We always tried to invent new journalistic forms to fill not just a vacuum, but a surging need," Phillips wrote. Now Phillips' idea, which remains very much alive in the magazine after 1,422 issues, is being brought to the airwaves, too. As SI Enterprises Director Tom Ettinger says, "TV covers live events, but it's virtually blind to the beyond-the-event stories. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED brings to its audience. We saw a need there and a big opportunity to expand SI's horizons if we could find someone to produce SI-style stories for the air."

That "if" was the key word. The more Ettinger searched, the more he found that proven TV sports producers had spent almost all their time cover-

ing events. While checking out West Coast production companies in September 1980, Ettinger dropped in on a couple of old acquaintances, Irwin Rosten, 57, and Nick Noxon, 46, who are executive producers at Ronox, Inc., an Emmy Award-winning outfit whose credits include documentaries on such diverse subjects as Hollywood, sharks and the 38th Parallel. Ronox' 1975 special for the National Geographic Society on the human body, entitled *The Incredible Machine*, was long the highest-rated program in the history of public TV. "I explained my problem and

asked them, 'Who do you know?'" Ettinger says. "Irwin said, 'Hmm.' Six months later Ronox came aboard."

"At the time we knew we were a little shaky on sports background," says Rosten. "But the more we thought about it, the more we saw an opportunity, too." Now, with his first show in the can, Rosten knows he was right. "Nick and I spent 22 years working with scientists and explorers," he says, "but we never ran into any people as eager to stretch themselves to the absolute limits of human capability as athletes."

Wednesday's offering is the first of four SPORTS ILLUSTRATED TV programs scheduled for 1982. Aside from Ryan's heater—which appears in a segment on the art of pitching a baseball—and the young basketball player's dilemma, there is a story about the moving plight of the U.S. women's volleyball team, a film clip of Abbott and Costello's beloved "Who's On First?" routine and a commentary by Senior Writer Frank Deford. "Our aim is to show sports fans their favorite things in a whole new light," Rosten says. "We also want to reach beyond the sports fan and attract people who like a good story."

Philip D. Howard

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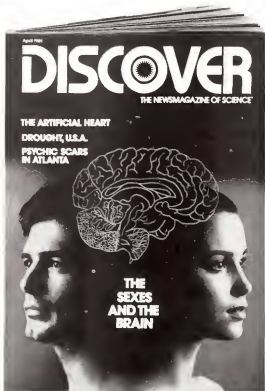
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Footloose

by GRADY JIM ROBINSON

ATHLETES LITERALLY GET BLOWN AWAY AT THE WINDIEST TRACK IN THE NATION

In Oklahoma when, as the song has it, "the winds come sweepin' down the plain," the track team at Oklahoma Christian College, a small NAIA school on the northern edge of Oklahoma City, takes a beating. According to the National Weather Service, Oklahoma City is the windiest city in the U.S. during March and April, when the outdoor track season is on, with velocities averaging 14.9 mph. And because the OCC campus is on the highest elevation in Oklahoma County, and the track is built on an incline above the campus, and its second curve faces the southwest—whence the winds normally come—it can be semiscientifically deduced that the second curve at the OCC track is just about the windiest corner in the U.S. in early spring.

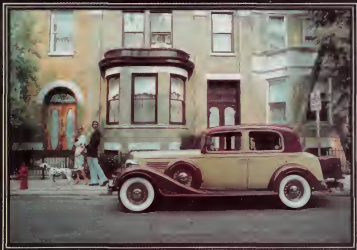
When I attended OCC, I saw a 114-pound two-miler named Larry Zawicki get blown off the track. Rumors abounded about sprinters being blown into wrong lanes and warmup suits disappearing over the fence. Jeff Bennett, a two-time All-America pole vaulter at OCC and a decathlete in the '72 Olympics, made one of the most remarkable vaults ever seen at OCC or, indeed, anywhere. "The runway goes only one way and, on a particular day, I had to practice against the wind," he recalls. "I ran down the runway, went up and balanced at the top, teeter-tottered in the wind and then started going backward. I ended up on the runway, luckily on my feet."

Although the situation of the track affects all runners, the quarter-milers may get the worst deal. They must sprint full tilt into the second curve, the traditional gut-it-out area for 440 men, who have dissipated a lot of energy during the initial 330-yard burst. For them, hitting the wind is like running into a wall.

However, sprinters, when running before a steady southwesterly gale, often achieve personal windblown bests. The track record for 100 yards is a blistering 9.2, run in 1968 by one Tom Griffith. He was abetted by a nice 35-mph tail wind.

That's the way it is, at the breeziest track in the U.S.: The wind giveth and the wind taketh away.

END



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BOOKTALK

by KENNY MOORE

THIS STORY OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL RUN IS A GOOD TRIP FOR READERS, TOO

Once, on a wet fall afternoon 16 years ago, a three-hour training run took me along a lonely ridge between San Francisco Bay and the Pacific. Ahead was a farmhouse and an elderly woman making her way against the wind to the mailbox beside the road. Once she reached her destination, she crouched, watching me approach.

"Where do you come from?" she called. I couldn't read her tone.

"Sacramento," I lied, driven by some demon of tiredness to be antic, to ask for it. "Is this the right road to San Jose?"

She regarded me stonily. "You're on the right road to the loony bin," she said, and drew back as I passed.

Sacramento and San Jose are about 115 miles apart, ample reason, it seems, to agree with her reaction.

In 1969, Bruce Tulloh, who won the 1962 European 5,000-meter championship for Great Britain, ran from Los Angeles to New York in 65 days, accompanied by his wife and son with a car and trailer. Tulloh wrote a detailed, analytical book called *Four Million Footsteps* about the adventure, during which he averaged 44 miles per day. Others had made similar runs before, among them Don Sheppard of South Africa, who ran without aid and whose book, *My Run Across the U.S.A.*, is as loose and chatty as Tulloh's is precise.

But these reports didn't alter this runner's conviction that such a journey by its nature could appeal only to the seriously different. I was sure I never wanted to do it. Now James E. Shapiro has done it, and written about it, and I'm not so sure anymore.

Shapiro has distilled the 80 days and 3,026 miles of his 1980 crossing from Dillon Beach, Calif. (up the coast from San Francisco) to New York's Central Park into *Meditations from the Breakdown Lane: Running Across America* (Random House, 237 pages,

\$12.50). He describes his own sensations and judgments with as much care and gift as he recalls the land and people and labor that evoked them. Almost at once, he has a sympathetic narrative flowing that will lead to the opposite coast. He's not a nut. He's not a driven soul. He's me, or close enough so the differences don't matter.

I was made to share something of Shapiro's panic over the immensity that faced him and to recall that, as he puts it, "The dimension of the feat does not necessarily still the homey chatter of the mind." And I have given my own voice to that most mortal of laments (as he writes on passing though the Sierras): "finding within an anticipatory sorrow that I cannot run through here forever."

It's this ranging, experienced mind, tuned and colored by the 10 and 12 hours a day of five mph running that Shapiro maintained, that lights this book. His descriptions of vistas, food (the good and the rotten) and women (kind waitresses and fragrant nymphets, passing with a glance) are all hungrily vivid.

Some of Shapiro's voracity seems to be a natural appetite for experience. He has worked on a freighter and been a Peace Corps volunteer in Brazil, and his photo on the dust jacket shows a grin appropriately wolfish for a man who would swallow a continent. Yet he was turned more ravenous by his prodigious work. He required 80 days to complete

his run only because he was stopped by injury in Harlan, Iowa for five days. When sound, he ran as much as 58 miles in a day. A light lunch in Nebraska: "Three pounds of watermelon, a quart of milk and a half gallon of orange juice in 20 minutes."

And, if the engine was so lavishly fueled, the weight it propelled had to be kept as light as possible. On reading Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* along the way, Shapiro writes, "It seemed obscene to keep ripping out the pages as I finished them, but about weight there could be no sentimentality."

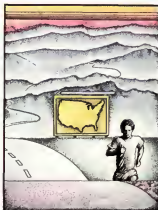
For a chronicle of such a painstaking and thorough endeavor, Shapiro's work gets rather a slipshod treatment from his publisher. There are too many typographical errors; one assumes, for example, that the Hereford cows described are, in fact, Herefords.

At least the author is on the right track. Should we wonder, out of past prejudices concerning ultra-long-distance runners, about Shapiro's emotional health, there's always the labor, the road, to give the runner stability. He writes: "There were several distinct running minds. One was a high-pitched yammering of endless babble. . . . Another voice was deeper, more philosophical. . . . Why I was out there, how I really felt about certain people, what different things meant. . . . They were explicit acknowledgments of limitations and definitions. Expressing them brought whole quiet pieces of the day. . . ."

"As for the third . . . once it occurred to me that I was expressing the will of the earth the way a cloud expresses the will of the sky."

This last is Zen student Shapiro's attempt to make what he felt sound in our ears. And, as Peter Matthiessen noted in *The Snow Leopard* (even as he ventured the same thing), it's doomed to seem nonsensical to ears unopened by the time and work of one's own journey. But to those of us who have had a taste of what Shapiro endured (and there must be millions by now who have), his attempt is not at all in vain. I finished his account with regret, and with the conviction that I no longer need to run across the country myself to know what it is like, or what it signifies.

END



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VIEWPOINT

by MARC OWENMAN

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION SHOULD BE IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES, WARTS AND ALL

Professional baseball celebrated its centennial in 1969, 100 years after the original Cincinnati Red Stockings, the first team to be paid for its efforts, closed out its first season. (It never made it through the second because the players clamored for more money, and the owners decided to fold the team instead of paying up—no

kidding.) But if you ask most baseball fans when major league baseball started, the answer will invariably be 1876, the year the National League was formed. Ask the Commissioner's Office, and they'll say the same thing. People tend to ignore the National Association (1871-75), and, in my opinion, this negligence is idiotic and hypocritical.

The Special Baseball Records Committee, a group that was formed in 1968 to "establish rules governing record-keeping procedures that mostly concern past play," put a rule in the books that the National Association "shall not be considered as a 'major league' due to its

erratic schedule and procedures ..."

The schedule could well have been erratic—it was 1871, after all. Erratic procedures? Like the Washington Olympics dropping seven of their first nine in 1872 and calling it quits? Sure that's erratic—the 1982 Baltimore Orioles probably wish they could've done the same thing when they started the season losing 10 of their first 12—but consider the final standings of the 1884 Union Association. It was the second league, after the American Association, launched in 1882, to compete with the National League. The Union Association, which lasted only one year, is categorized as a major league

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operation by the Special Baseball Records Committee, but look at its record:

	W	L	PCT	GB
ST. LOUIS	94	19	.832	
MILWAUKEE	8	4	.667	35½
CINCINNATI	69	36	.657	21
BALTIMORE	58	47	.552	32
BOSTON	58	51	.532	34
CHICAGO-PITTSBURGH	41	50	.451	42
WASHINGTON	47	65	.420	46½
PHILADELPHIA	21	46	.313	50
ST. PAUL	2	5	.250	59½
ALTOONA	6	19	.240	64
KANSAS CITY	16	63	.203	61
WILMINGTON	2	16	.111	64½

Only five of these teams completed the season intact: Cincinnati, Baltimore, Boston, Washington and St. Louis. The others folded during the season and still other teams picked up the schedules: Philadelphia was replaced by Wilmington and then by Milwaukee; Altoona was replaced by Kansas City. The Chicago team had stiff competition for attendance from the National League White Stockings, so it moved to Pittsburgh. But even there the fans stayed away, so the team folded and St. Paul completed that schedule. Even with this help, however, the number of games played by most of the teams varied and thus the second-

place team was able to finish 14½ games behind the third-place team.

Other "major league" teams also performed erratically. The 1899 NL Cleveland Spiders (20-134, 84 games out) played their last 127 games on the road, and there wasn't much that was normal about the 1981 schedule, either.

There may be good reason for excluding the National Association from the "major leagues," but its "erratic schedule and procedures" shouldn't count. It just doesn't seem right to exclude an entire league, its men and their accomplishments, because of a modern-day value judgment that doesn't hold up. **1980**

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for B2000 Sundowner Standard and B2000 Dual Longbed. Actual prices with dealer's taxes, license, freight, options (Dual slip bumper shown) and other dealer charges extra. Prices can change without notice. Availability at delivery of vehicles with specific features may vary. Cold-weather-optional capacity 5000 lbs. **1982 EPA estimates for comparison purposes. Your mileage may vary with top length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Cold: B2000 36 km/h, mpg, 24 km/h, mpg.



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38 27

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On The Scene

by IWAN MAISEL

IN WASHINGTON, EVEN RONALD REAGAN IS ON THE EMIL VERBAN BANDWAGON

The members, by unanimous agreement, hold no meetings and pay no dues. Two of the three qualifications for membership are residency in the Washington, D.C. area and a sense of humor, and the former may be waived. It's the third prerequisite that gives the club its *raison d'être*: To Join The Emil Verban Memorial Society, one must be a diehard fan of the Chicago Cubs.

The sufferings of Cubs' rooters have been chronicled many times in the 37 years since a National League pennant last flew over Wrigley Field. Even that triumphant wartime team was so bad that one writer's assessment of the 1945 World Series with Detroit was, "I don't think either team can win it." The Cubs didn't. Since then, Chicago has finished last in the National League or its division nine times and below .500 26 times. What's better for a team that's barely a team than a fan club that's barely a fan club?

The Verban Society requires little time of its members, of which there are 220. That's good, because many of them are otherwise engaged in the business of running the country. "There's a need in Washington for a release," says Richard Cheney, a charter member. "The society has nothing to do with politics, which is very rare in this town." Or, as Illinois Congressman and House Minority Leader Robert Michel, who pitched the GOP to 13 consecutive wins in the annual Republican/Democrat baseball game, says, "It gets your mind off the budget. Compared to the budget, the Cubs really aren't that bad."

The fan club began in 1975 when Cheney, who later was the White House chief of staff under President Gerald Ford, and five Midwesterners who had been lured east during the Nixon Administration found themselves starved for news of their favorite losers. "The purpose is just to have fun," says Bruce Ladd, a registered lobbyist when he isn't functioning as the society's historian, its lone officer. "We have a common interest in the Cubs, and we were trying to find some vehicle for us to perpetuate our relation-

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ship with the Cubs. Almost all of us are on a nostalgia trip."

The trip's first stop was selecting a name. Verban was chosen because the second baseman's career (1948-50) as a Cub "epitomized the steady, non-flashy calibre of play that has been the Cubs' hallmark throughout the last four decades," Ladd wrote in Memorandum No. 3, considered to be the society's Magna Carta. Unfortunately, the honor didn't please the honoree, who, at 66, needs to be anything but memorialized. Verban, now in the real estate business in his native central Illinois, was initially miffed but has since resigned himself to immortality. "As long as they're talking about you, you're important," he says.

The club took considerable pride in the fact that as this season began Verban held the major league record for most at bats with only one home run (2,911). However, the Giants' Duane Kuiper, also a second baseman, was closing in fast with one home run in 2,865 at bats. "We had a member write in and suggest that we either get Verban back in uniform or have something happen to Kuiper," Ladd says.

The members didn't exclude other childhood heroes in honoring Verban. The society hands out three awards: the Harry Chin Lookalike Award, given each fall to the member with the body most resembling that of the 6' 2 1/2", 221-pound catcher, the Ernie Banks Positivism Award; and, most coveted, the Brock-for-Broglio Judgment Award, given to that member who demonstrates the same wisdom the Cubs did in 1964 when they dealt Lou Brock, a future Hall of Famer, to St. Louis for a washed-up pitcher, Ernie Broglio. Says political columnist George F. Will, who became a Verban member early on, "The only worse judgment was lining up the battleships at Pearl Harbor."

Ladd was the inaugural recipient of that award, for his judgment in perpetuating a club that began as a chuckle among friends. His monthly memos are a compendium of trivia, cheerleading and gossip concerning society members, many of whom are heavyweights in government and business and most of whom are Republican. "Being a Cub fan is good training for being a Republican," Will says. "You get used to losing."

President Ronald Reagan was nominated and admitted to the society last Oc-

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A close-up photograph of a young woman with dark hair, smiling broadly and showing her teeth. She is wearing a white Adidas baseball cap and an orange t-shirt. Her arms are raised, and her hands are behind her head. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue and white. The Adidas logo is visible on the cap and the t-shirt.

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ON THE SCENE *continued*

tober. In tendering his obligatory 50-word personal recollection of the Cubs, Reagan recited the starting lineup of the 1935 NL champion team, including the starting rotation of Lon Wameke, Bill Lee, Larry French and Charlie Root. It was, after all, the Cubs whom Reagan followed to California for spring training in 1937. While there he had a screen test, and the rest is history. All of which leads one to speculate that but for a simple twist of fate, Jack Bruckhouse would be president today.

Bruckhouse, who recently retired after 34 years as the television voice of the Cubs, is a Verban member, as are U.S. Supreme Court Associate Justice Harry Blackmun, who's famous for the rambling history of baseball with which he prefaced his decision in the Curt Flood antitrust case, NBC-TV announcer Bryant Gumbel, golfer Ray Floyd, Wyoming Governor Ed Herschler and White House Press Secretary Jim Brady.

One prominent Cub fan who's no longer a member is *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist John Schuman, who resigned in protest when Reagan became a member, claiming the society had become too political for him. "The only vote I cherish is the one I will someday have for baseball's Hall of Fame," he wrote in his resignation column. "I've always been tempted to categorize the [members] as the friends of Richard Nixon. . . . And how could I be a bleeding-heart liberal with the company I keep? In the Verban Society, we're big on winks and nudges and all kinds of fraternity-boy bonhomie. . . . We are regular fellows of the kind that you find in fraternities and country clubs."

The hope that is synonymous with baseball in the spring has been heightened this year for Verban members, now that the Tribune Company owns the Cubs and former Philadelphia Manager Dallas Green is their general manager. Some members feel the Cubs' time is nigh, which could spell the death of the society. "There probably would be several days of absolute delight if we won the pennant," Cheney says. "But then they wouldn't be the Cubs. I think most of the members would be delighted to turn in our cards for a pennant." Adds Will, "There is a great theological division among Cub fans. Some think losing is good for the character. I have quite enough character, thank you. I could stand a little decedence."

END



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Sideline

by FRANZ LIDZ

STRANGE FISHING AT THE JONES FALLS: NO STRIKES AND FIVE THOUSAND BALLS

When Theodore Maggo died last January in Baltimore at 65, he left behind what was probably the largest private collection of balls in America. Maggo was a tiny, splintery, dried-up old man who happily scavenged his neighborhood on his bicycle.

He was also perhaps the last practitioner of the arcane art of ball-fishing. He would station himself after a heavy rain at the point where the fetid Jones Falls—a somewhat exalted name for a concrete spillway several feet deep and about 50 yards wide—meets Baltimore Harbor. With a wire coat hanger fashioned into a spiral ball trap and attached to a long piece of string, Maggo would cast into the swollen waters with the finesse of a trout fisherman on the Beaver Kill. He hauled in sponge balls, soccer balls, footballs, punchballs by the gross. They were the Lost Balls of Baltimore, washed by rainwater down gutters and through sewer storm traps toward the sea.

Maggo perfected his technique as a youth fishing bananas out of the harbor. He waited around the docks watching stevedores unload the fruit. Now and then a bunch or even a hand of bananas would fall overboard. Maggo fished them out with a stone tied to the end of a string. He sold them at the outdoor market Baltimore used to have.

Maggo liked to collect things, and bananas don't last too long. He switched to balls. He created his unique coat-hanger ball catcher and set about his life's work.

He stored the balls at home. Occasionally he traded them for potatoes or empty soda bottles, a more negotiable currency. "Years ago I could get eight soda bottles for a tennis ball," he said shortly before he died. "Today nobody has soda bottles. I can't get nothing."

But Maggo never threw away any of the balls. He stashed the ones he didn't cash in on cardboard boxes, milk crates and bushel baskets, like a guy who believes in the gold standard.

When he died he had an estimated 5,000. "My motto," he said, "is I always get my ball."

END



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This year, new Buick Riviera owners can enjoy a most sensible luxury: The Uniroyal Royal Seal.

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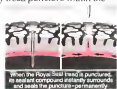
This dramatic performance claim is backed by a no-questions-asked warranty. It provides for a free replacement of any Royal Seal tire that becomes unserviceable due to any tread puncture within the first twelve months or 25% wear (whichever comes first).

The Royal Seal is now standard equipment on 1982 model Rivas* built after May, and is available as an option on many other luxury automobiles. You can also buy Royal Seals at your local Uniroyal dealer.


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A BOOST FROM THE PUBLIC SECTOR

The Great Olympic Commemorative Coin Battle is nearing a resolution. When last we looked in on this conflict (SCORECARD, March 29), the Senate had passed a bill supported by the White House, the organizers of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics and the U.S. Olympic Committee, under which the Treasury Department would issue a set of 25 commemorative coins for the '84 Games that would be marketed by private firms and, it was hoped, produce \$200 million for the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee and the USOC. But efforts to get a similar measure through the House of Representatives were being blocked by Illinois Congressman Frank Annunzio, chairman of the Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs and Coinage, who was under intense pressure from Olympic athletes and officials because of his refusal to so much as hold hearings.

Annunzio has since relented and held those hearings, during which he made clear his own preference for a set of no more than three coins to be sold by the federal government rather than by private firms. But Annunzio has apparently lost his battle. Last week the House Banking Committee spurned an Annunzio-authored bill and approved one that bears a closer resemblance to the one passed in the Senate. Sponsored by the committee chairman, Fernand J. St Germain of Rhode Island, the bill provides for private marketing of 17 coins. That measure will probably be approved by the House this week, after which it will have to be reconciled with the Senate bill. The plan is for President Reagan to sign the final measure by Memorial Day, with coins going on sale by Christmas.

What emerged from the legislative battle over the coin issue was a clear desire by the Reagan Administration and both houses of Congress to celebrate the holding of the '84 Games in this country and to help the U.S. Olympic effort by issuing legal tender in the form of commemorative coins. And give Annunzio his due: His stubbornness about the kind of bill he wanted was largely responsible for essential safeguards being imposed on the envisioned coin program, including

provisions for auditing by the General Accounting Office of sales figures and review by the Treasury Department of advertising content. Fine-tuning of the bill also resulted in the stipulation that coin purchases wouldn't be tax deductible; if purchases were deducted, the federal treasury could have lost more than \$100 million in taxes.

Annunzio wasn't the only one who opposed a private marketing scheme. So did many coin dealers, who didn't relish having to traffic in large, expensive, slickly promoted sets of what some of them call "junk coins." But Olympic officials and spokesmen for the two companies that are expected to wind up marketing the coins, Lazard Freres and Occidental Petroleum, insisted that the coins will be Olympic souvenirs that the public will cherish. They also argued that Olympic coins would yield greater revenue if marketed privately than they would if sold by the Government.

USOC and LAOOC officials have reason to be gratified by their apparent victory. Yet they also have cause to be embarrassed by certain scare tactics they employed in achieving it. Particularly objectionable were intimations by LAOOC President Peter V. Ueberroth that failure to adopt a coin program would deal a "death blow" to the L.A. Games. Actually, coin revenues aren't even part of the LAOOC budget, and Ueberroth admits when pressed that they would be a windfall that would enable the Games "to go first-class."

Ueberroth and other LAOOC officials are also guilty of posturing in repeatedly saying that the '84 Games will be financed entirely by "the private sector," a phrase they utter with the utmost reverence. That claim is belied by the LAOOC's refusal to pay any more than \$3 million of the \$20 million that the city of Los Angeles expects to incur for security and other Olympic-related expenses and its related reluctance to hire private security guards as it had earlier indicated it would. The claim is further undercut by the LAOOC's ardent and unquestioning support for an Olympic coin bill that, as originally drawn, might have cost the federal treasury \$100 million in tax de-

ductions for coin purchases to benefit the L.A. Games. In fact, if the LAOOC really had wanted to express faith in the private sector, it would have undertaken to strike commemorative medallions that didn't have the status of legal tender, thereby leaving Washington out of the picture. The expected passage of the Olympic coin bill should be appreciated for exactly what it is: a major boost for both the LAOOC, and the U.S. Olympic Committee from the public sector.

GOOD CATCH, CATCHER

To hype attendance at home games, UCLA staged all sorts of promotions during the just-completed college baseball season, including Cap Day, Helmet Night and Batting Glove Day. Then there was the Arizona State game (the Bruins lost 4-2) on what was billed as Las



Vegas Day, an occasion highlighted by a door prize of a three-day, expenses-paid excursion to that city. Let the giveaway be construed as a lottery, which would have been illegal, tickets for the drawing were handed out at the gate not only to the 617 paying customers but also to the handful of people, most of them associated with UCLA's athletic program, who got in on passes.

Well, what do you know? When the winning ticket number was announced over the P.A. system, the "fan" holding it turned out to be Steve Bono, a third-string UCLA catcher who hadn't suited up for the game and was watching from

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

the stands. When they realized that the lucky ticket holder was a Bruin player, officials were chagrined and the P.A. announcer prudently refrained from revealing Bono's identity to the crowd. At the same time, it was probably a good thing that Bono happened to be in the stands when the Vegas trip, something he could actually use, was being given away. After all, he already had a cap, helmet and batting glove.

GOING HOLLYWOOD

If, as appears increasingly likely, the Oakland Raiders move to the Los Angeles Coliseum (SCORECARD, May 17), the 54,616-seat Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum will lose its principal tenant. One Southern California observer, Joe Jares, sports editor of the *Daily News* in Van Nuys, last week referred to Oakland's stadium in suitably Hollywood-esque terms. He called it the Ark of the Lost Raiders.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE WITH BEN HOGAN AND JACK OEMPSEY

The Texas Rangers were struggling under the burden of the worst record in baseball, with just six wins in 21 games, and were languishing 8½ games out of first place in the American League West when, on May 6, their director of media relations, Burton Hawkins, decided to take matters into his own hands. In his notes to the media that day, Hawkins wrote the following "editorial":

"... Despite all the misfortune, much self-inflicted, the Rangers find themselves only six games back in the lost column with 141 games to play. . . . George Washington isn't remembered for sinking into the icy waters of the Delaware.

"Talent is present, but the pitching has been miserable, the hitting untimely and the fielding shoddy. . . . There can be moaning about bad luck and sulkers can find solace in the company of co-complainers with imagined grievances, but admiration seldom is bestowed on those who sink into the cozy comfort of mediocrity, on those who are soothed by an excess of excuses. . . . Question marks can become exclamation points if the proper key is found.

"There can be, at this point, an overwhelming desire to be asphyxiated by the enticing fumes of failure, to collapse into the loving arms of adversity. . . . to say,

continued

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"The hell with it—the check will be there on the first and fifteenth" . . . Harry Truman didn't defeat Tom Dewey with that attitude.

"There have been many memorable occasions in sports . . . Ben Hogan surging back from near-fatal wreckage to capture the esteem of the most jaded . . . Dempsey destroying Firpo after being clobbered . . . the 1951 Giants coming from 13½ games back in August to win the National League pennant on Bobby Thomson's dramatic home run.

"The list goes on and on. . . There also is the unforgettable disgrace of a Roberto Duran murmuring 'No Mas, No Mas' . . . 'No more,' he said, when fighting Sugar Ray Leonard for a world championship. . . He took his mountain of money and ran. . . He ran into a living hell of deserved dishonor from which he never will escape.

"There is a choice."

The Rangers then went out and lost four of their next five games.

SHUFFED OUT

The June 11 WBC heavyweight championship fight between Larry Holmes and Gerry Cooney won't have one of the promotional wrinkles that had been planned for it. Not one to miss a trick, promoter Don King had made a deal with R.J. Reynolds Industries, Inc. to prominently display the logo of Camel cigarettes on two of the ring posts and on the center of the mat. King had much the same arrangement with Reynolds before a Feb. 24 bout at the Playboy Club in Atlantic City, during which the Camel logo was displayed on two ring posts and also on sashes worn by the Playboy Bunnies who carried the round cards. The tie-in with Camels then was a natural: One of the fighters was Marvin Camel, who lost on an eighth-round TKO to WBC Cruiserweight champion Carlos DeLeon.

But trouble arose after word of similar promotional plans for the Cooney-Holmes fight reached Congressman Henry Waxman, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, which monitors compliance with the 1970 law banning cigarette advertising on TV. The Camel-DeLeon fight hadn't been televised, but the Cooney-Holmes showdown will be carried on closed circuit and pay cable TV, both of which fall within the province of the ban. Waxman got the Justice Department in on the

case, and after a meeting with Justice lawyers, Reynolds agreed to keep its logos out of camera range.

Sources familiar with the workings of the 1970 law are careful to distinguish this case from the tobacco industry's involvement in such events as the Marlboro Cup horse race or the Virginia Slims tennis circuit. "The display of the Camel logo was clearly intended for TV," says one of them. "It was to be placed on the inside of the ring posts and the floor of the ring, which could be clearly seen only by the cameras. At a tennis tournament, Virginia Slims wouldn't have its name posted where it can be seen by the camera on every shot."

SHIFT OF FOCUS

Starting on July 1, the George D. Arken Sugar Maple Laboratory in Burlington, Vt., which was founded by the U.S. Forest Service nine years ago to develop improved techniques for producing maple syrup, will wind down that work and undertake what its directors now see as a more urgent mission: a study of the ravages of acid precipitation.

THE FLESH PEDDLERS

After being traded last week by the New York Yankees to the Minnesota Twins, Utility Infielder Larry Milbourne said, "I'm going from one crazy owner to another." The gentlemen to whom Milbourne was referring (not necessarily in order of number of marbles possessed) were:

1) The Yankees' George Steinbrenner, who can't make up his mind whether his team should be characterized by power, speed or some combination thereof—spower, maybe? In quest of the right chemistry and to plug gaps caused by injuries, Steinbrenner has, in less than two months, traded away Bob Watson, Dave Reveren, Ron Davis, Dennis Werth, Bill Castro, Milbourne and no fewer than seven minor-leaguers. This last has prompted critics to accuse the boss of tavaing the Yankee farm system.

2) The Twins' Calvin Griffith, who in recent years has allowed such stars as Bill Campbell, Larry Hise, Lyman Bostock, Dave Goltz and Geoff Zahn to sign as free agents with other teams and has traded Bert Blyleven, Rod Carew and Ken Landreux rather than meet their salary demands. Griffith briefly aban-

doned his skintint ways last year at the urging of his son, Clark, a Twins executive vice-president, and signed Catcher Butch Wynegar and Shortstop Roy Smalley to generous, long-term contracts. He has since recovered from that lapse and resumed trading away almost anybody who earns a substantial salary. After having disposed of Smalley, Doug Corbett and Rob Wilfong in recent weeks, he let Wynegar and Pitcher Roger Erickson go in last week's deal for Milbourne and two minor-leaguers. The rap against Griffith is different from the one against Steinbrenner: He's accused of ravaging not the Minnesota farm system but the Twins themselves.

But are the swap-happy Steinbrenner and Griffith crazy? Say whatever else you will about him, Steinbrenner has, at least until now, proved himself a sound baseball man whose manic flesh-peddling has helped make his team a winner and moneymaker. Griffith keeps getting rid of his best—or at least most expensive—players, a strategy that has enabled him to pare his 1982 payroll to \$1.7 million, scarcely more than what the Yankees pay one man, Dave Winfield. But then it's Griffith's skill in developing talented players in the first place that—shades of Charlie Finley—has helped him stay financially afloat in a relatively unrewarding TV market. Of course, Steinbrenner and Griffith do keep their clubs in constant turmoil, but this doesn't make them crazy. It just makes their presence awkward for those members of baseball's hierarchy who, whenever a free agent takes it upon himself to switch teams, piously complain that roster stability is essential to fan loyalty.

THEY SAID IT

• Doug Dieken, Cleveland Brown offensive tackle, at a roast for Houston Oilers Defensive End Elvin Bethea, a 14-year veteran: "Elvin is so old he had to use a jumper cable to get started last year."

• Jim Brovelli, University of San Diego basketball coach, whose team had an 11-15 record this season but placed six players on the 14-member WCAC all-academic team: "We're awaiting an invitation to the NCAA chess tournament."

• Pat McNally, Cincinnati Bengal punter and wide receiver, asked how the art history courses he took at Harvard have helped him in the NFL: "Well, we do have a draw play."

END



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Sports Illustrated

MAY 24, 1982

The Islanders Stick



It To 'Em

New York won its third straight Stanley Cup as sharpshooter Mike Bossy fired bull's-eyes in an imposing sweep of Vancouver's Canucks
by E.M. SWIFT



Bossy rapped the series-clinching goal over Brodeur into an unprotected net.



When Arbour wasn't viewing the Stanley Cup action live, he was reviewing it in bed.

THE ISLANDERS *continued*

New York Islander Goalie Billy Smith, his red face beaming as he drank beer on the rocks last Sunday night while his teammates sipped champagne from the Stanley Cup, spoke for everyone: the fans in Vancouver's Pacific Coliseum who finally had been forced to throw in their white towels, his teammates, even the gritty Canucks, who had lost in four straight games. "We're the best," Smith said. "We made one mistake in two nights on the road—one mistake—and you can't say enough about a hockey team like that."

Nobody seemed able to say enough. The Islanders had been that dominant in the series. Indeed, they have been that dominant for the past three years. Harry Neale, who coached Vancouver until the final five games of the regular season and is slated to be general manager next year, called the current New York club "an almost perfect team," which is about as neatly as one can put it. With their culminating 3-1 win on Sunday, their ninth victory in a row in postseason play this spring, came the Islanders' third consecutive Cup. Two second-period power-play goals by Mike Bossy broke open a 1-1 game, and the rest of the way the Islanders and Smith shut down the Canucks. The goals gave Bossy, who was named the MVP of the playoffs, seven for the final series, tying a record the great Jean Beliveau set in 1956 with the Montreal Canadiens. The Canadiens went on

to win five straight Stanley Cups, a goal that now seems in reach of the Islanders. Said New York Coach Al Arbour, "The first year they said it was a fluke, the

next we proved it wasn't, and this year we proved that we are a great team."

Only two other teams have won three or more consecutive Stanley Cups—the Toronto Maple Leafs (1947-49, 1962-64) and the Canadiens (1976-79 as well as 1956-60). Like the most recent Montreal dynasty, which New York General Manager Bill Torrey used as a model for his club, the Islanders can adjust to any style of hockey. Before facing Vancouver, they eliminated Pittsburgh, a dump-and-grind team, and then the Rangers and the Nordiques, who attempt to skate and pass you dizzy.

All hockey teams are the sum of several elements—speed, defense, goaltending, special teams, faceoffs, leadership, coaching, etc.—and the great ones are



The rough-tough Smith got roughed up himself in Game 2, but he pulled out a victory.

the best at the most. In Bob Nystrom, Duane Sutter, John Tonelli and Clark Gillies, the Islanders have some of the strongest mucking forwards in the NHL. Bryan Trottier is the best all-around center, a player who can dominate at either end of the ice. He's a master at controlling faceoffs, and Arbour has Trottier take every draw in the Islanders' defensive zone. If Trottier has a weakness, it's his shot, which is only average, but with a sniper like Bossy on his line, Trottier seldom needs to shoot from outside.

In Ken Morrow, who now has played for all the Stanley Cup champions and an Olympic gold medal winner, New York has one of the best defensive defensemen in hockey (three goals in 123 games). Denis Potvin is the best power-play point man since Bobby Orr. Smith, of course, is the premier playoff goalie, and Butch Goring and Billy Carroll are

two of the top penalty killers. While the Islanders aren't exceptionally fast, Bob Bourne can move, and, like Gillies, Duane and Brent Sutter, Nystrom, Gordie Lane and Dave Langevin, he can fight. New York's power play is the best, leadership abounds in the dressing room, and there are almost no personality conflicts—thanks largely to Arbour.

All in all, it would have been almost inconceivable that the Islanders wouldn't win the Stanley Cup. Not only do they have no exploitable weaknesses, but in almost every case their role players are the best in the NHL as well. And just to make sure his charges don't get complacent, Torrey has a fresh face or two on the team each year. This season rookie Brent Sutter played that role. Says Torrey, "His enthusiasm is contagious."

In the Canucks, the Islanders saw their former selves. "Our team reminds me of



MVP Bossy had seven goals in the finals.



the Islanders a few years ago," said Vancouver defenseman Harold Snepsts. Added Winger Dave (Tiger) Williams, "All you hear about is our clutching and grabbing, but Mr. Arbour invented that."

Arbour, known as "Radar" in his playing days because he was the first NHL player to wear glasses during games, scored only 12 goals in his 626-game career. Yet he was on four Stanley Cup champions—Detroit in 1954, Chicago in 1961 and Toronto in 1962 and '64. A stay-at-home defenseman, Arbour may not have invented clutching and grabbing, but he was towed around his own zone so often by enemy forwards that it seemed the league was furnishing him with Seeing Eye dogs. Which is exactly how Vancouver tried to throw the Islanders off their game. Tugging surreptitiously on jerseys, discreetly grabbing sticks, the Canucks sought to frustrate New York into retaliation. In the end, though, they frustrated only themselves.

Not that Vancouver really expected to win the series. Having finished a whopping 41 points behind the Islanders in the regular-season standings, the Canucks were delighted just to reach the finals. And, let's face it, a Cinderella team that comes to the ball dressed as a pumpkin isn't asking for miracles.

Superb teams like the Islanders find ways to win on nights they're not playing

continued

well. That's what happened in the first two games of the finals, as New York, which allowed the second-fewest goals (3.1 per game) in the league during the regular season, gave up nine and still came away with two victories. The performance of the special teams was the difference. In Game 2, the Islanders scored three power-play goals—just as they had done in winning the opener 6-5, thanks to Bossy's sudden-death goal—plus a short-hander by Carroll en route to a 6-4 victory.

With the score tied 4-4 at 4:27 of the third period, two old adversaries, Williams and Smith, squared off in what proved to be the pivotal episode of the game. The Canucks were on a power play, and Williams had camped in front of Smith as a screen. Smith immediately whacked him on the ankles. Williams slashed back and then pounced on him. Referee Ron Wicks sent Williams to the penalty box for four minutes, but Smith got only two minutes. Trotter scored the winning goal on the resulting power play. "That's what cost them the game," said Smith afterward. "Williams was stupid

He was backing in on me all night, and Wicks told me he was watching it. I told him, 'Fine, keep watching.' And he did. I thought he called a super game."

The Canucks and the Islanders flew to Vancouver for Game 3 on Thursday night. The Canucks were greeted at the airport by an adoring crowd, which one policeman estimated as being "more than 5,000 and less than a million." They were pawed and backslapped to exhaustion, leading a local paper to run the headline CLUTCH-AND-GRAB FANS HAIL CANUCKS, in wry response to the media's endless references to the team's style of play. The last hometown club to win the Stanley Cup was the Vancouver Millionaires in 1915, so Cup fever was high. Black-and-gold bumper stickers reading KING RICHTER, in recognition of Richard Brodeur's stellar goaltending earlier in the playoffs, abounded, and the white towels that had become the Canucks' symbol during their semifinal defeat of the Black Hawks sold like crazy. The T-shirt vendor who had started that craze, Butts Giraud, is a former world belly-flop champion. People stood in line for as many as 40 hours to purchase tickets to Game 3, and the inevitable alcoholic concoctions that are

born of such frenzy began cropping up in bars, the most offensive of which was the Canuck Café, espresso doused with everything yellow and black: mocha liqueur, banana liqueur, Galliano, Pernod.

As if the fire needed any more fuel, on Thursday *The Vancouver Sun* ran a banner headline that read: "THAT SUTTER'S A COMPLETE JERK." The quote, attributed to Williams, referred to Duane. Several other Canucks complained of the Islanders' lack of "class," and they cited Duane's mocking of Brodeur with his fist in Game 2 after scoring a goal. Responded a mildly miffed Sutter, "I don't think Williams knows how to spell the word class."

But it was brother Brent who took the sweetest revenge on the slur on the family name. In Game 3 his temerous forechecking was "inspirational," according to Arbour, as the Islanders played what Smeets later described as "airtight hockey." Said Canuck Coach Roger Neilson, "I don't know if anybody could have beaten them tonight. They played an almost perfect game."

After Gillies put New York up 1-0, Bossy scored the most spectacular goal of the playoffs. With 7:30 remaining in the second period, he picked up his own re-

With 23 assists in postseason play, Trotter broke a record that Bobby Orr set in 1972.





Tonelli, who hounded the Canucks all week, had saved New York against Pittsburgh.

bound and, after getting knocked into the air by Defenseman Lars Lindgren, backhanded the puck past Brodeur and a sliding Colin Campbell. "I don't remember how many shots I took at it," Bossy said, "but the one that went in was going to be my last because I was going down."

It's doubtful whether anyone else could have scored on that play. "Two years ago, even Bossy wouldn't have scored it," said former Islander Eddie Westfall, now a TV color announcer for the team. "He would have let himself be taken out of the play. You can't teach a guy like Bossy how to score that goal, but he can teach himself. And he has."

Indeed, of all the elements that make up the Islanders, Bossy's scoring touch may be the one they could least afford to lose. He finished the regular season, his finest ever, with 147 points, a total only Wayne Gretzky and Phil Esposito have surpassed. Yet, because of Gretzky's remarkable season, Bossy's achievements went largely unnoticed. In the final week of the regular season he tore cartilage and strained ligaments in his left knee. He was virtually immobile against Pittsburgh, and it's no coincidence that the Islanders very nearly lost that series. In a gallant show, they scored two goals in the

last 5½ minutes of the deciding game to tie the Penguins, and Tonelli won it in overtime. Bossy, who kept the extent of his injury a secret, played with a heavy brace on his knee that restricted his skating. Still, he led all playoff goal scorers with 17, and had 27 points, second only to Trotter's 29. "You can never let Bossy have anything out there," said Canuck Forward Stan Smyl. "He's got such marvelous talents, such quick hands."

"Other guys, if you make a mistake, you have time to recover," said Snepets. "Not with Bossy."

Make no mistake, Bossy is far more than just a sniper, a fact that's often overlooked because he plays on a line with Trotter. The truth is, they need each other equally. Bossy has become an excellent corner worker, is sound defensively, and his mere presence on the power play opens up avenues for Potvin, Trotter and Stefan Persson. He also has learned to "operate in a closet"—a hockey term for making a play in heavy traffic—as was so brilliantly demonstrated by his goal in Game 3. "I've worked too hard in my career to let myself fall on my back in a situation like that," said Bossy. "I know I'm playing on a great team. I've known that since I've been here."

The Islanders scored one more goal in Game 3—into an empty net—to win 3-0 and take a virtually insurmountable lead in the series. That night Arbour, as is his habit, sat in bed and watched tapes of the game until 4 a.m. "I can't sleep anyway after a game, so I might as well be doing something," he said. He finally dozed off, but at 6 a.m. his wife, Claire, elbowed him awake. She couldn't sleep because of the time change, so she asked him to put the tapes on again. What the heck, he thought, he might as well watch them with her. If there's one type of game an old defenseman can sit through three times, it's a shutout. "I called room service for breakfast," said Arbour, "and when the guy came at 6:30 and found us watching a hockey game in bed, he thought he'd walked into a nut house. That's what happens when you stay around this game too long."

Arbour can stay around the Islanders for as long as he likes. Torrey has signed him to a lifetime services contract, and now, after nine years with New York, he has served longer than any active coach in the league. He has quietly—Arbour can be painfully shy—put together a 423-242-160 record from behind the bench, which makes him the fifth-winningest coach in NHL history. "He's a player's coach," says Torrey. "He reveled in playing and enjoys being around players, and they feel that. They also know his basic honesty. Whether they agree with him or not, they know deep down that he's doing what's good for them and for the team."

Earlier in the playoffs, Brent Sutter gave up the puck in his own zone, and the Rangers converted his error into a goal. Arbour played Brent sparingly for a few games. When he returned against the Canucks, he played like a man possessed. Said Potvin, "Everybody sits—Bossy, Trotter, myself. We've all needed a little discipline at some time. Al has taken the talents and egos of all the individuals on this team and made sure that neither gets in the way of the team. Our character is based on his character: a cool, logical assessment of the game and a willingness to go out and work hard to correct things. He's the best of all our leaders, and we've got a number of them."

They've also got a number of Stanley Cups now, with more no doubt to come. As Trotter said on Sunday, "I only hope people don't take us for granted and get tired of seeing us win it."

They're Not Just Good, They're Perfect

After taking Phoenix in four games, Los Angeles kept its playoff slate clean by sweeping San Antonio and the West **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

It was past midnight in San Antonio last Friday, and nothing was moving on the streets that you couldn't step on. Inside the Palm Terrace, the lounge lizards were staring sullenly into their banana daiquiris, cursing the Spurs' luck, as Norman Nixon put down his glass and moved slowly across the barroom floor. Nixon is ferociously quick as the starting point guard for the Los Angeles Lakers, but now he was taking his time as he sauntered past a table of adoring women, crossed a makeshift bandstand and eased behind a set of drums.

Two of Nixon's companions had already positioned themselves at a nearby piano and bass, and at a table not far away, L.A. Forward Bob McAdoo noisily insisted that he wanted to play the saxophone, which seemed ridiculous because there was no saxophone. Just as Nixon was about to give the downbeat, the manager of the joint told Nixon to leave his instruments alone. Nixon was crestfallen. "And there I was just about to get down," he said. "Tonight was my night to make beautiful music."

Ah, but when you play for the Lakers, every night is your night to make beautiful music, every game another sweet song. Last week, in four well-orchestrated performances, the Lakers dispatched San Antonio in the NBA's Western Conference finals. Los Angeles put on so stunning a display of artistry and firepower that the question now isn't "Can the Lakers be beaten in a seven-game series?" but "Will they ever lose again?" Saturday's 128-123 victory over the Spurs at San Antonio's HemisFair Arena not only completed a 4-0 rout of the Midwest Division champions but, coupled with L.A.'s sweep in the conference semifinal



series against Phoenix, it also marked the first time any NBA team had ever gone 4-0 in consecutive four-game series. The Lakers are now 8-0 in the playoffs and haven't lost a game since April 13. When LA swingman Michael Cooper was asked last Saturday whether he would prefer Boston or Philadelphia in the championship series, Cooper said, "The way we're playing, we can get anybody. Bring on the Harlem Globetrotters."

The Lakers displayed such confidence against both Phoenix and San Antonio it was difficult to believe that this was just about the same team that had been eliminated by Houston in a mini-series last year, or that these were the Lakers whose current season had begun under such bizarre circumstances. "Last year, losing the mini-series was like growing pains," says Forward Jamaal Wilkes. "There was a lot of public pointing of fingers, but we've put our problems aside." Says Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, "Last year Jamaal had a really terrible playoff and that affected us. This year we've got everybody playing at a very high level of intensity all at once."

That isn't how the Lakers started out the season. Los Angeles was 2-4 at one point and struggling with a new offense that relied too heavily on Abdul-Jabbar and not heavily enough on the Lakers' ability to run. Following the 11th game, a 113-110 victory over the Jazz in Salt Lake City, Magic Johnson stormed out of the Lakers' dressing room and said he wanted to be traded.

Coach Paul Westhead was fired a day later, and owner Jerry Buss held a press conference at which he tried to give the job to ex-Laker great Jerry West. West, however, insisted he didn't want to be head coach again, and somehow, in all the confusion, Pat Riley, who had been Westhead's assistant, walked away with the job. "I knew things would get better after that," Abdul-Jabbar says. "After all the confusion and recriminations, they couldn't get any worse."

Riley quickly opened up the Lakers' game, encouraging Nixon, Johnson and Cooper to run the ball at every opportunity. "Riley's not getting near the credit he deserves after all this," said Spurs Coach Stan Albeck last week. "That situation was chaotic when he took over, a real zoo. Pat knows he's got talented men, and he's letting them play the way they want to play."

Going into the postseason, Riley wanted more aggressive and opportunistic defensive play, his theory being that if the

Laker defense could create enough steals, turnovers and missed shots, the running game would take care of itself. Los Angeles finished the regular season 15th in the league in defense and second in offense, so Riley figured if the Lakers could keep the Spurs pinned down often enough, Nixon and Johnson—with 1,395 assists between them this season—would bang the drum loudly on offense. "I hope we can disprove the theory that playoff basketball is a halfcourt game," Riley said. "I think teams do that because they get too conservative."

In the Spurs, Los Angeles faced a team no less eager to shoot the ball. Led by George Gervin, the magnificent Iceman, and Forward Mike Mitchell, San Antonio had a lineup that seemed well suited to slowing the Lakers down. In fact, the Spurs were the only conference team to beat them in a regular-season series, three games to two. Gervin led the league in scoring, averaging 32.3 points a game, and Mitchell, who had been acquired from Cleveland at midseason, was averaging 20.5 and seven rebounds. He had 25 points in Game 1 in Los Angeles, and Gervin finished with 34, but neither was especially effective when San Antonio needed them. McAdoo scored 21 points off the bench to go with Abdul-Jabbar's 32 and Nixon's 31. Albeck said the Spurs would have to "find an answer to McAdoo" if they were to do anything in the series, but in the first game they didn't have a clue and were beaten 128-117.

Last Tuesday night, also at the Forum, the Spurs again fell behind quickly, only to rally in the second and third periods. San Antonio actually led 79-78 going into the fourth quarter, but then the Lakers began to run again, the fast break feeding off the Spurs' misses as 10 of their first 11 shots went away. With Forward Kurt Rambis having one of the best games of his life (15 rebounds, eight points), the Lakers ran San Antonio down 110-101. "It may not happen in the first period," Riley said, "or even the second, but somewhere along the line the fast break is going to pay off. The other team is going to crack and you're going to have a spurt."

The Lakers alternated Wilkes and Cooper on Gervin, and in Game 2 he was

continued



The long arm of Abdul-Jabbar snakes up to pull in one of his 10 rebounds in Game 2.



Abdel-Jabbar's 32 points led the Lakers in Game 1.

NBA PLAYOFFS continued

held to just seven of 21 from the field and 18 points. "What's winning the games for us right now is defense," Cooper said. "When one of us gets beat, the rotation begins and everybody else helps out."

In Game 3 on Friday night at San Antonio, the Spurs fell behind by 15 points in the second quarter, then pulled to within seven midway through the third. At that point Nixon and Cooper began to ram the ball up the middle of the floor, widening the gap from seven to 14 points in two minutes and 44 seconds. Gervin finally popped loose for 39 points, but the Lakers had devoured every loose ball and turned them into easy baskets. "They shoot more layups than any team that's ever played the game," said San Antonio Assistant Coach Morris McHone.

Albeck was sick over what was hap-

pening to his team, but he couldn't help admiring the Lakers' fast break. "I don't know if any of the great Boston teams back in the '60s and '70s ever advanced the ball this quickly," he said. "We've tried everything—keeping two men back, going to the offensive boards, slowing it down—everything the book says you're supposed to do, and still we couldn't stop them."

One reason the Lakers' running game is so effective is that there are a lot of people who can execute it. "We've got a unique situation here," explained Nixon, who popped for 30 in the clincher, "in that we've got two guys [he and Johnson] who can take the middle and create something. And each of us runs a different kind of break, creates a different set of problems for the defense. Magic takes it right to the hoop even on big guys, and if he misses the shot he'll up it in. I'm a jump shooter, and teams know that even when I'm running they have to come up on me." Which leaves plenty of room for the wing men, whistling down the sidelines for dunks, layups and, in Cooper's case, the terrifying Coop-a-Loop thunderdunk. "I really don't feel any team in the NBA can run with us," says Cooper.

The Spurs tried again on Saturday, but when Gervin (38 points) fouled out with 6:11 to play, he took what remained of San Antonio's hopes with him. McAdoo was almost beyond belief in the final game, hitting 12 of 16 shots for 26 points, to go with eight rebounds and three blocked shots. He also stole an inbounds pass and dunked in the final seconds.

"They've a lot of ammo over there," said San Antonio Forward Mark Oberding. "We would have had to play the best series ever to even stay with them. That's how good they were."

What remains to be seen is if that's really how good they are. And how good they can be against Boston or Philadelphia. Maybe the best ever.

Mac Has Been A Real Blast From The Past

Bob McAdoo learned what it was like to be forgotten shortly after he was traded to the Detroit Pistons 2½ years ago. He had been Rookie of the Year in 1973 while playing for the Buffalo Braves, and he led the NBA in scoring in '74, '75 and '76. But by 1979 he was a vagabond with a big contract and big problems, and when he was traded to the wretched Pistons—his fourth team in four seasons—people gradually forgot about him.

But now, in the playoffs, people are beginning to remember where Bob McAdoo was, and where he belongs. Coming off the bench for the Los Angeles Lakers, the 6' 9" McAdoo averaged 17 points a game and shot 56.1% as the Lakers pounded Phoenix in four straight games and then swept the San Antonio Spurs in four to reach the NBA finals. Those figures don't compare with McAdoo's numbers when he was the NBA's Most Valuable Player in 1975 (34.5 ppg, 14.1 rebounds), but, as San Antonio Forward Mike Mitchell so eloquently puts it, "When Can Do goes on, he can do."

McAdoo just needed a place to do his thing. After being traded around and finally put on waivers by Detroit on March 11, 1981, he was determined to sit out this season rather than play for another doorman. He even turned down a reported offer of \$300,000 a year from the New Jersey Nets, who had picked him up late last season. The Nets were a young team with a promising future, and their new arena in the Meadowlands was only a 20-minute drive from McAdoo's home in Ramsey, N.J. "One week Larry Brown [the Nets' coach] wanted me," says McAdoo, "one week he didn't. Early in the year they were going bad, and Larry blamed the players. Even though it was home, I didn't want to be somewhere where they have a four-year plan. I wanted to win right away."

Every NBA owner wants to win right away, and that's why McAdoo has been shuffled twice for the astonishing sum of five first-round draft choices, one second-round pick and thousands upon thousands of dollars.

McAdoo might still be sitting at home had it not been for an injury to Mitch Kupchak, the Lakers' starting power forward and backup center. Kupchak's misfortune on Dec. 19 turned out to be McAdoo's "dream come true," and on Christmas Eve the Lakers signed him to a contract reportedly worth \$175,000 for the rest of the 1981-82 season.

Not all of the Lakers were happy about the

CONTINUED

acquisition. "Just what we needed," grumbled one at the time, "another scorer." "You could see it when I came to L.A.," McAdoo says. "I think everybody was watching and waiting to see how I was going to fit in."

McAdoo arrived on Dec. 26 and in a way presented the first real challenge to new Coach Pat Riley. "Everything—his image, his problems with coaches—was discussed before we got him," Riley says. "We still felt he was the ideal guy. Everywhere else Mac had played, he was expected to carry the load every night. This team is too strong for any one player to be a disruption."

It took McAdoo a month to get in shape, and during that time Riley experimented with several starting lineups. In that 14-game period Kurt Rambis, Mark Landsberger and Jim Brewer averaged only 10.3 points a game among them as Kupchak's replacement and, as Riley quickly found out, "a lot of teams were playing us five on four." Teams still drop off Rambis, who became the starting power forward, to help out on Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, but when McAdoo comes onto the game for Rambis, they no can do.

"When they play those five together," San Antonio Assistant Coach Morris McHone said of McAdoo, Abdul-Jabbar, Magic Johnson, Norm Nixon and Jamaal Wilkes, "all five can score. When you surround McAdoo with those other players, it makes him much better. And he's already good enough."

Nothing McAdoo did was enough to please the Detroit fans, especially a heckler known as Leon the Barber, who nightly bellowed, "McAdoo, McAdoo's, McAdoo's, McAdoo's." "The thing that hurt me the most was that I was made out to be a malingering and a bad guy," McAdoo says. "But I was just doing what was expected of me. I was supposed to be the main attraction, score a lot of points and clear the boards. I had to do it all every night."

McAdoo had left the University of North Carolina after his junior year and was drafted by the Buffalo Braves, for whom he had his finest years. He averaged 28.2 points a game in a little more than four seasons before being traded to the New York Knicks after he had demanded a \$500,000-a-year contract.

New York was already loaded with talent when it picked up McAdoo on Dec. 9, 1976, and yet, like Spencer Haywood before him, Mac was expected to be a savior. New York wanted idols to replace the recently retired Willis Reed, Dave DeBussche and Bill Bradley, and it wanted to win right away. The Knicks improved their record from 40-42 to 43-39 and made the playoffs in McAdoo's second year, but the great savior experiment was judged a failure.

"Anytime you have a team with Ray Wil-

liams, Michael Ray Richardson, Spencer Haywood, Lonnie Shelton, Earl Monroe and Bob McAdoo," McAdoo says, "you've got to look elsewhere for the problems. They just weren't patient enough." On Feb. 12, 1979, the Knicks unloaded McAdoo on the Boston Celtics for three first-round picks.

McAdoo had been third in the league in scoring when the Knicks shipped him to Boston, but he never fit in with what was a bad Boston team. McAdoo complained to Player-Coach Dave Cowens about too little playing time, and that gave birth to his reputation for selfishness. President-General Manager Red Auerbach later told *The New York Times*, "Bob was more concerned with personal



L.A. is a "dream come true" for McAdoo.

achievements than team achievements." Before the 1979-80 season Boston traded McAdoo to Detroit for M.L. Carr and draft choices that would become Robert Parish (through a trade) and Kevin McHale.

Things went from bad to worse when the Pistons' other star, Center Bob Lanier, was traded to a contender, the Milwaukee Bucks. "When Lanier was gone," McAdoo says, "all the fans' anger switched to me."

During his first year in Detroit, McAdoo separated from his wife, Brenda, a New Jersey lawyer. That was also the year in which his father, to whom McAdoo had always been very close, died. And the year he had a couple of injuries, which kept him out of 22 games. Playing for a bad team didn't help. "I always

used to get butterflies on the day of a game, thinking about how I hoped we could win," McAdoo says. "In Detroit I just hoped we wouldn't get embarrassed. It was pitiful."

It was during McAdoo's second year in Detroit that things began to go completely sour for him. Conflicting stories are told about what happened. A series of nagging injuries caused him to miss all but six of the 73 games the Pistons played before he was waived. He says Detroit Coach Scotty Robertson suggested that he retire, and that when he was finally ready to play shortly after the league trading deadline had passed, Robertson and General Manager Jack McCloskey refused even to let him put on a uniform and sit on the bench. "I told them I would gladly play 10 minutes or no minutes. I just wanted to be in a uniform," McAdoo insists. "I didn't need to take abuse from the fans while I was in my street clothes. The front office told me I could go on home, then they told the press that I didn't want to sit on the bench at all because I didn't want to take the abuse from the fans."

The Pistons claim that McAdoo was healthy enough to make a contribution but refused to do it. "He could have given us 10 to 12 minutes a game," McCloskey says. "He said that he didn't want to play part-time because it would drive the value of his next contract down. Prior to that, I might have been the only guy in Detroit who thought Bob McAdoo was really injured, but after he said that, I lost all respect."

Soon the word was out that McAdoo was a malingering. "Ever hear anybody call a white player a malingering?" asks former Laker great Elgin Baylor. "Ever? Think about that."

The Lakers haven't thought about it at all. Los Angeles needed someone who could score maximum points in minimum minutes and serve as an effective backup to Abdul-Jabbar. At 30, McAdoo is still eager to shoot his quick-release jumper, an awkward-looking shot from which he pulls his hands back so fast it looks as if he's burned his fingers. "Mac's done everything that's been asked of him," Riley says. "I don't know if he could carry a team anymore. And he would probably like to start, but he likes his role here."

For now, McAdoo feels he's home at last—even if home is a furnished studio apartment overlooking a parking lot in Culver City. McAdoo has finally come to grips with who he is and where he is, and he'd dearly love to help the Lakers win a title. "I'm sure that accepting his role with this team was part of his struggle in the beginning," says Kupchak. "Do you know who he is? You're bringing off the bench what was at one time the most exciting player in the NBA. It's not just a case of him being happy to be here, to be anywhere in the league. Mac is a star." —BRUCE NEWMAN



Erving's rejection of Maxwell's follow-up stopped Boston's comeback in Game 3.



NBA
PLAYOFFS

continued

What's Up? Doc And The Sizzling Sixers

Julius Erving vowed that any comparison with last year was illegal, immoral and distracting, as the 76ers again forged ahead of the Celtics 3-1

by **ANTHONY COTTON**

Less than an hour remained before the Philadelphia 76ers' third game with the Boston Celtics in the NBA's Eastern Conference finals when Guard Maurice Cheeks put the finishing touch on his uniform: a dirty, broken rubber band tied around his right wrist. "Doc (Julius Erving) shot it at me before Game 2," Cheeks explained. "I put it on and we won, so now it's never going to come off."

Down the hall, Boston Center Robert Parish sat nonchalantly, or as close to that as a 7-footer can be when he's stuffed into a cubicle designed for a small forward. "Waiting is the worst part," Parish mused. Couldn't he be studying the Sixers? "Got a copy of *Penthouse*?" Parish asked. "That's the only studying I'd want to do now."

Rubber bands and girly mags? Aren't we talking about the annual playoff series to end all playoff series? Well, yes and no. After Boston blew away Philly 121-81 in the first game and the Sixers came back to win 121-113 in Game 2, and even after Philly's 99-97 and 119-94 wins last Saturday and Sunday at the Spectrum, putting the Sixers ahead three games to one, no one was taking an ultimate 76er victory for granted. Who can forget last year's Eastern final, the 15th occasion these two teams met in a playoff? The Sixers went ahead three games to one and then blew sizable leads late in each of the next three games to lose the series.

But Philly clearly was the better team last week, and when Boston's Nate Archibald dislocated his left shoulder while diving for a loose ball in Game 3, which put him out for the series, the 76ers' guard superiority was emphasized even more. The Sixers hardly missed starting Guard Lionel Hollins, who suffered a broken finger on April 23 and didn't play against Boston until the final minutes of Game 4. With Andrew Toney's scoring (25 points per game) and Cheeks's leadership and scoring (14 ppg, three more than in the regular season) and Clint Richardson coming off the bench, the Sixers' running game was cutting the defending champs to the quick. "So much of what Cheeks does isn't noticeable, but we're just not the same team when he's not in the lineup," Sixers Coach Billy Cunningham said.

continued

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A large photograph of a tennis match in progress. Two men are in the center, facing each other, one holding a tennis racket. They are surrounded by spectators, including a woman in a pink dress on the left and a woman in a white shirt and red skirt on the right. The scene is set on a tennis court with a green background.A small inset image in the bottom left corner shows a bottle of Michelob Light beer next to a glass filled with the same beer, both featuring the Michelob Light logo.

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The person least appreciative of Cheeks's talents may be Maurice himself. "I don't think I do a lot to make people sit up and take notice," he says. "I've been that way all the time and I always will be. I just like to blend in, sort of melt my body onto everybody else's."

When Cheeks joined the 76ers four years ago after starting for four years at West Texas State, that Philly team boasted—besides Erving and Darryl Dawkins—Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant and Doug Collins. As Cheeks puts it, "With all the things those guys were doing, on and off the court, no one could notice anything else."

However, Cheeks has made a name for himself as the champion junk-food eater in the league. When asked if he deserved the title, Cheeks was shocked to learn there might be another contender. "I don't know if I'm the worst," he said, "but I know it's not a bum rap."

Chocolate chip cookies washed down with Hawaiian Punch apparently have little effect on Cheeks's stamina. Second on the team in minutes played during the regular season, Cheeks was averaging a club-leading 36.8 minutes a game against the Celtics. In Game 3, he played the entire first half, and 41 minutes overall.

But even Cheeks couldn't avert the Game 1 massacre in Boston, the worst playoff loss in 76er history. The Sixers showed their sole sign of life during garbage time. When Boston Guard Charles Bradley slam-dunked an alley-oop pass from Chris Ford with 1:09 to play, Cunningham immediately called time out, amid cries of showboating from the sunk-en 76ers. "I play five minutes, score two points and I'm some kind of bad guy," Bradley lamented. "That was just Billy's way of starting the clock on Game 2," said Boston Coach Bill Fitch.

Cunningham closed practice the next day and wrought a new wrinkle for an old play. Erving would move from the left wing to the top of the key, flip-flopping with Caldwell Jones. From there Doc would drive to the hoop, drawing Parish over to him in the process, then dump the ball off to a wide-open C.J.

In the fourth quarter of Game 2, Jones, who had fouled out of Game 1 after playing only 12 minutes and scoring no points, hit four consecutive long-range jumpers before someone finally guarded him. And when that happened, C.J. faked and hit a running hook from

the lane for the last of his 22 points.

"I didn't want it to seem like I was being hogfish with the ball," Jones said, "but everybody kept looking for me, and the hoop looked so big."

Fitch wasn't as surprised by Jones's shooting as by his own team's 23 turnovers. "We just played a game in May with fundamentals from November," Fitch said. "If we had that many turnovers back then, we'd be out practicing as soon as the game was over."

Archibald's injury 13½ minutes into Game 3 served as a strong suggestion that it was going to be Philly's day. The Spectrum was sold out for only the fourth time this season, and the normally blasé crowd even initiated the cheers as the Sixers rolled to an 84-70 lead with 11:09 to play. But Boston then outscored Philadelphia 27-15 as the swarming Celtics press forced bad Sixer shots. With 21 seconds to play and Boston behind 99-97, an Erving shot was partly blocked by Kevin McHale and recovered by Danny Ainge. Larry Bird badly missed a 21-foot jumper, but the shot was rebounded by Cedric Maxwell, who missed a layup. Maxwell again rebounded, only to have his follow shot blocked by Erving. Again Maxwell retrieved the ball, but Cheeks stole it as time ran out.

"I was afraid to look during the last few seconds," Cunningham said after-

ward. "We were just hanging on for life at the end," concurred Cheeks.

"You can't make a steady diet of full-court pressure," Fitch said, "but you use it here and there and it makes them think." Fitch wrapped his hands around his neck. "It also gives them a chance to choke a little bit."

Unfortunately for Boston, Toney doesn't seem to know what the word choke means. In Game 4 he hit a career playoff-high 39 points, surpassing his previous best of 35 set last year against, yup, Boston.

In the third quarter Toney almost single-handedly put the Celtics away, scoring half of the Sixers' 30 points. "I think he's got more nerve than anything else," Erving said after Toney's performance. "Other guys have the ability, but if they miss a few shots they get timid, looking to get hooked from the game. He doesn't."

Then came the inevitable talk of last season's series. "Do we have them where we want them? That's what we were saying last year, isn't it?" asked Fitch.

"I'd still rather be up three to one," said Cunningham.

"I've forgotten what that feeling was like last year," Erving said. "We'll be reminded about it, but that should help if you don't let it become a distraction. I won't. Because I'll stop answering questions about it. Like now."

END



When Archibald (left) was hurt, Fitch (right) went to Ainge as his guard of last resort.



An Uncertain View Of The Future

Things looked rosy for Sugar Ray Leonard until a detached retina damaged his vision—and perhaps even ended his career **by PAT PUTNAM**

Rain was falling lightly outside as Ray Charles Leonard turned the final lap on the beige indoor track at the Buffalo Hilton. It was a few minutes past six on the morning of April 22. During the final five laps of his three-mile run, the welter-weight champion of the world whipped his head back and forth every few seconds, as though trying to shake off an annoying thought.

As Leonard came to a halt on one of the six tennis courts inside the one-sixth-mile track, Janks Morton, his trainer, studied him without expression. In 22 days and for a purse of \$3 million, Leonard was to defend his title against Roger Stafford.

"While I was running I had a floating spot in my left eye," Leonard reported calmly.

Morton thought he was joking. "Let's go," was his only comment.

They walked up a flight of stairs to the top section of the Hilton's sports complex and from there rode an elevator to the sixth floor. Behind them Leonard's sparring partners, who had accompanied him on his run, yawned and shot the breeze.

As they entered Suite 601, where Leonard was staying, he turned and said to Morton, "Janks, I really saw a spot. I want to do something about it now."

Morton's heart skipped a beat, and then another, but years of self-discipline

kept him from showing his alarm. He went to a telephone. Within a few minutes he had the name of a local eye specialist. "I'll have Ollie make an appointment for the first thing this morning," he told Leonard, who nodded.

A few hours later Ollie Dunlop, an old friend and Leonard's administrative assistant, drove the champion to the specialist's office. Following a brief examination, the specialist said, "I don't see any major problem. I'll give you some eye drops and I think you had better have the eye checked again when you get home after the fight."

After returning to the Hilton, Dunlop met Mike Trainer, Leonard's attorney, in

Leonard beat Thomas Hearns in their title fight, but his left eye was badly battered.

a hallway. "Tell me what they said," Trainer said.

Dunlop relayed the doctor's report. "Well, fine." Thankful that all was well, Trainer went down to the coffee shop.

At three that afternoon Leonard, wearing dark glasses, trained briefly in another section of the hotel. He apologized to the spectators for not sparring and then repaid them with an extra-dazzling display of rope skipping. Morton had little to say, but his searching stare never left the champion. He was still worried.

After a week, though, even Morton began to relax. Then on Friday morning May 7, 15 days after his eye exam, Leonard told Morton that the spot had returned. "And now," he said, "sometimes I see tiny white spots, and the eyelid feels heavy, like it's swollen."

Morton studied the eye closely. "I can't see any swelling," he said, "but I don't know anything about it. I think we had better get a second opinion."

"And right away," Leonard said. "I don't want to wait."

Another specialist was found; an appointment was made for that day. This time Morton went with Dunlop and Leonard. He was upset when a nurse, after putting drops in Leonard's eye, asked the champion for his autograph. Morton considered that unprofessional. And he thought that the specialist was too casual when he reported, "There is a tear in the retina and it should be taken care of immediately."

"That's good enough for me," Leonard said with finality.

"We're going someplace else," Morton said bluntly.

As Dunlop drove them back to the hotel, Morton thought of heavyweight Earnie Shavers, who had had retinal surgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, but he couldn't remember the surgeon's name. "As soon as we get back I'll call Mike and have him make the arrangements," Morton told Leonard. "He'll find the surgeon."

No one mentioned the fight that was only a week away.

While Dunlop was making plane res-

ervations for the following day for Morton, Leonard and the champion's father, Cicero, Morton phoned Trainer, who had flown home the night before, to ask for information about Shavers' surgeon.

"I'll get right on it," Trainer promised. A few minutes later he called Dr. Henry Seer of Riverdale, Md., who had treated Leonard after he suffered a trauma to his right eye in a fight against Marcos Giraldo in 1979.

"I'm sure the doctor you're looking for is Dr. Ronald Michels," said Seer in response to Trainer's first question. "He's probably not only the best in the United States, but the best in the world."

Satisfied, Trainer then called the Wilmer Eye Institute at Johns Hopkins Hospital. He explained Leonard's problem and asked them to locate Michels. He also asked that Michels call Morton in Buffalo.

Patty Austin, head of nursing at the hospital, tracked Michels down at 8:30 that night. He and his wife were at a dinner party. The nurse informed the doctor that Leonard had a reported retinal problem and that he could reach Morton in Room 605 of the Hilton Hotel in Buffalo.

Michels called immediately. "I understand there is a possible retinal problem," he said to Morton. "And I understand that Ray wants to come home and be seen at Johns Hopkins."

"That's right. Can you see him tomorrow?"

"Certainly. When can you be here?"

Morton told him they would be at the hospital at 5 p.m. the next day.

Just after noon the following day, Saturday, Trainer had a limousine pick up Leonard's wife, Juanita, at home in Mitchellville, Md. Taking a cab, Trainer met her at National Airport. They were waiting when Morton and Leonard and his father arrived from Buffalo. It had been a quiet flight; mostly the trio had read. The ride to Baltimore was equally quiet. Juanita recalls thinking that the situation couldn't really be very

serious. She thought it was probably no more than fatigue from training.

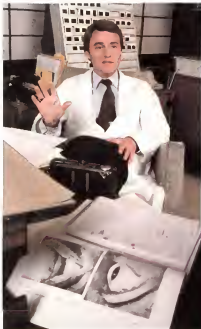
At the hospital Michels took the group into his office. For the first half hour, he patiently explained retinal detachments. He spoke softly and slowly, but firmly, and the longer he talked the more Morton, who admits to an initial distrust of doctors, had confidence in him.

Whatever it is, Morton thought, I just hope this doctor can find it and repair it and not tell Ray that he'll be all right for a year but then he'll go blind in that eye.

As Michels talked, Trainer could feel the tenseness in the room. "Hey, Doc," he said, "are we going to have to take a test when you're through, 'cause we aren't taking notes?"

His explanation finished, Michels began the examination. As a precaution, he

continued



Michels operated on Shavers as well as Leonard.

had his assistant, Dr. Andrew Schachat, double-check his every step. Michels asked the champion to read an eye chart, and everyone relaxed as Leonard correctly called off all but the bottom line

"I can't see the last line too well," Leonard admitted.

"That's because it's smudged," said Michels with a laugh.

"Let me try anyway."

"Go ahead."

Leonard correctly identified every letter on the bottom line but an F.

"That's really smudged," Michels said. "I guess we'll have to get it fixed."

The Blister That Can Blind

by John Papanek

The first thing Dr. Ronald G. Michels tells any patient with a detached retina is that he or she has suffered "one of the most serious things that can happen to the eye," and that if surgery isn't performed promptly, total blindness can result. Michels, 38, an associate professor of ophthalmology at Johns Hopkins University's Wilmer Eye Institute who performed the retinal reattachment operation on Sugar Ray Leonard, is one of the nation's most renowned eye surgeons and an expert on diseases of the retina. Approximately 20,000 Americans annually develop detached retinas, a condition usually associated with aging. Most of Michels' patients are well into middle age. Those as young as the 26-year-old Leonard have usually been victims of some sort of trauma.

In explaining a detached retina to a patient, Michels asks him to think of the eye as a rubber ball. The inside of the ball is filled with a clear jellylike substance called the vitreous. If the ball were sliced in half, the retina would

be the thin, delicate layer of tissue that lines the entire inside of the back half of the ball. "The best way to understand the retina function," says Michels, "is to think of it as the film in a camera. It is the part of the eye on which the image is actually focused and from which that image is transmitted to the brain."

A retinal detachment usually begins when the vitreous gel for one reason or another pulls on the retina, breaking or tearing the retinal tissue. Fluid then seeps through the tear and accumulates as a kind of blister beneath the retina, causing more of the retina to become detached from the wall of the eye. The blister can begin as a tiny one, depending upon the size of the tear, but it almost always grows larger, with more retina becoming detached—like paint blistering off a wall.

There are two different sets of symptoms. When the initial tear occurs, the patient will see light flashes, and then "floaters"—spots, cobwebs, dots or squiggly lines. Once retinal detachment begins, part of the visual field is

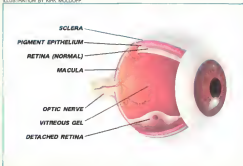
lost. Shadows, clouds, veils or dark areas begin to appear. In its least serious manifestation, the detachment occurs on the outer sides or bottom of the eye, and vision impairment appears in the peripheral field. But if the detachment spreads to the center of the back of the eye—the macula, which controls the sharpest part of the vision—the damage can be much more serious.

In any case, prompt surgery is the only means of correction. If the condition is caught as soon as the tear in the retina occurs, before detachment has begun, the tear can be sealed off relatively simply either with a freezing treatment, called cryotherapy, or with a laser beam. But if detachment has already begun—as in Leonard's case, in which 40% of the retina was reported to have been detached—a more complex operation, called scleral buckling, is required. In this technique, the surgeon makes an incision through the clear membrane that covers the sclera, the white part on the outside of the eye. Then he indents the sclera by attaching pieces of silicone rubber so that the wall of the eye comes in contact once again with the torn part of the retina.

After such an operation the success rate for complete anatomical reattachment of the retina is better than 90%, although some cases require more than one operation. However, Michels points out that this high rate shouldn't be misinterpreted. "We're talking about reattachment, not restoration of normal vision," he says. "How much vision can be restored depends on how long the retina had been detached and how extensive the detachment was. If the retina was detached for a long time—and long can be only a matter of days—there can be irreversible damage done to the retina, and total restoration of sight is impossible to achieve."

In fact, 100% restoration of normal vision after reattachment is not possible in most cases. When the retina is detached from the wall of the eye, it's deprived of approximately half of its blood supply, and its cells begin to deteriorate. Reattachment can stop, and partially reverse, the deterioration. A patient may have an inherited weakness in the eye that makes him predisposed to retinal detachment, or it may occur as a result of aging. The other most common cause is trauma, either from a severe blow causing an immediate and acute retinal tear or from continued blows

ILLUSTRATION BY KIRK ANDERSON



A detached retina begins when the vitreous gel that fills the eye pulls on the retina and causes it to tear. When fluid seeps behind the tear, the retina "blisters" and detaches from the pigment epithelium. Serious visual loss can occur if the macula, the central part of the retina, is involved. To repair the damage, a surgeon indents the sclera and reattaches the retina to the eye wall.

Leonard turned to his group and smiled. He felt proud. Morton and Trainer exchanged glances and grins. Trainer thought, hell, if he can read those charts, everything is fine.

The two doctors had trouble getting Leonard's left eye to dilate, and twice they had to fill it with drops. While they were waiting, the doctors put him through a series of tests. As Michels and

Schachat worked they were creating a chart of the injured eye.

When at last they were satisfied that the eye had dilated enough to permit them to examine the retina, Leonard was

continued

that cause deterioration of the vitreous gel.

Michels declines to discuss the specifics of Leonard's case beyond saying that the symptoms were caught "early" and the detachment was "partial." Had Leonard defended his title against Roger Stafford last Friday in Buffalo, the damage to his left eye almost certainly would have become much, much worse. As for Leonard's future, Michels stresses that that determination can't be made for at least six months.

Michels advises all postoperative patients to avoid activities like skydiving and diving into swimming pools, as well as contact sports. "Jogging, swimming, tennis or golf would be rigorous activities a patient could resume without danger," he says. "You certainly want to avoid a situation where you might get a major blow to the eye."

What, then, of the professional athlete? "I think each case has to be individualized," Michels says. Though no scientific data exist, Michels acknowledges that athletes in contact sports are at a much higher risk than the general populace. Dave Bing suffered a detached retina in 1972 while playing for the Detroit Pistons and after surgery resumed his All-Star level of play. But of all athletes, boxers, who receive countless blows to the eyes a week while training for a fight—not to mention the fight itself—are the most susceptible to retinal damage. Since 1979 three U.S. boxers besides Leonard have suffered serious retinal injuries. Two resumed their careers; one didn't.

The one who didn't, Harold Weston Jr., 30, today is the matchmaker for Madison Square Garden. Three years ago he was fighting Thomas Hearns—and perhaps beating him—when Hearns thumbed Weston's right eye. His retina was literally torn to ribbons, and 80% to 85% detached. Even after an eight-hour operation that was considered more a miracle than a success, Weston was game to fight again. "I needed the cash," he says. "I

was willing to lose the eye if the right price was thrown at me. But it wasn't, so I just said, 'Forget about it. I'll quit.'"

Earnie Shavers suffered a severe retinal tear when he was thumbed by Larry Holmes on Sept. 28, 1979, at the age of 34. He saw "specks" immediately, and within four days was at Johns Hopkins, where Michels sealed the tear with a laser. Shavers was back in the ring on March 8, 1980 and has had eight fights since then, including a second-round knock-out of Joe Bugner on May 8.



Three years ago Hearns thumbed Weston's right eye, detaching the retina. End of career.

"My first two, three fights I was a little leery," Shavers says. "But if I thought there was any danger of losing my sight, I wouldn't fight."

Hilmer Kenty, a 26-year-old former WBA lightweight champion, is scheduled to make his comeback June 11, less than 11 months after undergoing surgical repair of a retinal tear in his left eye, which he suffered while sparring. "You know the thought [of re-injury] is going to come, but it's going to go right back out," Kenty says. "It's going to have to or I'll get beat to death. I'm sure of that."

Weston feels there are two factors that cause boxers to be reluctant to acknowledge eye injuries. First, the vast majority of fighters are young, uneducated and unskilled, trying desperately to cash in on their only chance for financial success. "The only thing they

know," Weston says, "is the baby needs milk, the rent's due, the car note is due, the insurance is due, and the only thing they know how to do is fight. They may know something is wrong with their eye but they won't tell anybody because they want to keep on going. And, O.K., say you got a kid with no money and no manager and he thinks he has a detached retina. Who pays for the operation?"

An excellent question, which leads to the second factor: the indifference of some managers, promoters and boxing commissions.

No state requires a fighter to undergo an ophthalmological exam before a bout. "All they want is that body," Weston says. "The manager may not want to hear about a fighter with a detached retina, because he feels it's going to mess up his payday." The same presumably goes for many of the other boxing people.

Says Weston, "I feel that if they took all the fighters in the world today, they would find 30 percent have detached or torn retinas. Thirty percent! Anybody that gets their head jolted every day, day in and day out, something's got to be wrong with their eyes."

Michels will only go so far as to call Weston's feeling "an interesting observation." Although no studies have been done on the subject, Michels wouldn't say that Weston's estimate is off base.

As for the decision that Leonard will have to make, Michels will encourage him not to think about it for the next six months. "At that point," the ophthalmologist says, "I will have to decide whether the eye itself is as secure and strong as a normal eye. And Leonard will have to evaluate my opinion about his chances of [recurring] problems in the context of his career." As for what a recurrence might mean to Leonard, Michels says, "If you have performed a reattachment that hasn't held up, then in all likelihood the condition would be much more serious than it was the first time."

asked to lie down on a table. Donning what resembled a miner's cap with a powerful light, Michels examined the retina, which was exposed under pressure. Then Schacht took a look.

The hour-long examination completed, Michels told the group there was no doubt that Leonard had a partial detachment in the lower part of the retina. "It should be repaired promptly to minimize long-term damage and to try and get a full visual result," he told the hushed group.

As Michels spoke, Juanita realized the full seriousness of her husband's injury. Her eyes filled with tears. She started to sob.

Leonard looked at her. "Juanita, there's no need to cry," he said softly. "Everything is going to be all right."

"You're a very important person," Michels was saying to Leonard. "And this is a very important problem. We just met for the first time, so if you would like further consultation I'd be happy to help you with that. I think we have the luxury of a little time; not weeks or months, but a few days. Also, if you'd like, we can admit you tonight."

The hospital had already taken steps to

prepare for a Saturday-night admission and, although it would be unusual, for a Sunday operation.

"We'd like to go somewhere and discuss it," Trainer said.

The group walked to a small room, and Trainer said to the champion, "O.K., pal, you got it. Now let's solve it and get on with it."

Morton said he felt the same way.

With a shrug, Leonard said, "O.K., let's do it Monday."

Morton shook his head. "No, let's do it Sunday. Let them admit you tonight and let's get it over with tomorrow when nobody's here. Monday everybody will know you're here, and this place will be a madhouse."

Leonard, who had been comforting Juanita, looked up and said, "O.K., let's do it Sunday."

A few moments later Leonard was on his way to a room on the second floor. He was admitted at 7:30 p.m. A rollaway cot was brought in for Juanita. Then dinner arrived. Leonard took one look at it and pushed it away.

"I'll stay at the Holiday Inn," Morton decided as he, Trainer and Leonard's father left the room.

Trainer shook his head. The Holiday Inn had been the group's headquarters when Leonard had made his pro debut in Baltimore in February 1977. "No, that's where we started, and we've come a long way since then," said Trainer. "You are going to stay at the Hilton. And we can eat dinner there."

Back in his room, Leonard was saying to Juanita, "I'm really worried about Janks and Mike worrying." Juanita had just returned from calling her mother, Geraldine Savoy, to have the boxer's 8-year-old son, Ray, spend the night with a friend. They had decided not to say anything to him until the next day.

Before he went to sleep that night, Leonard smiled as he lay in the dark thinking of a statement that he had just composed in his head for delivery after the operation.

At eight the following morning the group, which now included Leonard's mother, Getta, gathered in the champion's room. The talk was light until a nurse came in to give Leonard two shots, one a sedative, the other for pain. A gurney, one of the wheeled cots hospitals employ, was brought in, and Leonard's encourage blinked and looked away as he was placed on it. And then he was on his way to one of the operating rooms on the fourth floor.

No one was hungry, but to kill time the group went downstairs to the cafeteria to pick at breakfast. Mrs. Savoy was picking up Little Ray from his friend's house to bring him to the hospital.

"Where we going, Grandma?" he asked.

"To Baltimore to see your mommy."

"But what's Mommy doing in Baltimore?"

"She's with your daddy."

Little Ray was puzzled. "What is Daddy doing in Baltimore? I thought he was in Buffalo."

Taking a deep breath, Mrs. Savoy said gently, "They're going to operate on his eye."

On the drive to Baltimore, Little Ray cried himself to sleep.

The operation took two hours and 15 minutes. After Leonard had been taken to the recovery room, Trainer went out for a cigarette. When he returned he found Morton putting on a hospital gown. "Grab one," Morton said, indicating where he had found his. Gunning, Trainer followed orders.

A nurse caught them. "No you don't,"

continued



Juanita, who was constantly at her husband's side, slept on a cot in his hospital room.

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she admonished. "Take those off. Only his wife and his mother can go into the recovery room."

In the recovery room Leonard woke up briefly. "O.K., you can start the operation now," he said.

A nurse laughed. "It's all over."

A few minutes later Leonard awoke again. As he lay there he tried to recall the statement he wanted to make. The anesthesia had erased it from his memory. Disgusted, he muttered, "Damn, damn, damn," before slipping back to sleep.

Little Ray waited for his father to be brought back to his room. When they wheeled him in, the boy watched silently. Then, rising, he approached his father, staring down at him.

"He can't hear you, Little Ray," Juanita said gently. "He's asleep. Why don't you give him a kiss?"

Leaning over, Ray kissed his father very lightly. Then, turning to his mother, he said, "Mommy, I don't like this. I want to go home."

On Monday, Trainer had to return to Buffalo to clean up after the canceled fight. "I feel like I'm an adjuster looking at an auto accident," he said. "It's depressing." He wasn't able to speak to Leonard on the telephone until Tuesday morning.

"How you feeling, pal?" Trainer asked then.

"Fine," Leonard said. And he laughed. "You know I peeked this morning. They thought I was asleep when they took the bandage off. I peeked and I could see everything."

"Damn you. Janks said you'd peek the first chance you got."

"Yeah, I know. But I was thinking, you know, that it's no fun having a lot of money if you can't see it."

"Sure, then they can give you a lot of funny money and you wouldn't know it. Hey, you won't believe what some guy up here wrote today. He actually wrote that it was the typical Buffalo jinx. That nothing good ever happens in Buffalo, and look what happened to Ray."

Leonard was upset by the report. "Mike, I want you to tell the people up there that what happened to me was a message from God; God is telling me something. And a message from God is

always a pleasant thing, not a bad thing. And you tell them that as soon as I can travel I'm going back there to see them. I want to tell them how much I appreciate how they treated me."

After Leonard hung up, Morton came into the room. The bandage was being changed. Watching, Morton growled, "You know, as soon as you can open that eye I'm going home."

With a slight grin Leonard sat up. The left eye popped open briefly.



Ray and Little Ray train together in a happier time.

Startled, Morton laughed. "I'll see you later," he said.

"O.K.," Leonard said. Then he tried to walk with his right eye.

Later in the day Trainer called again, and Leonard told him, "I'm sending Janks home. This is too much of a strain on him and I'm worried. And he hasn't been home in a month."

"Hey, Janks is going to pace and walk around, and he's not going to be right until he goes one-on-one in basketball with you," Trainer said. "The doctor can tell him anything he wants to tell him, but Janks won't feel right until you play basketball or go out and do something else, and he tests you to be sure you're O.K."

Morton flew home to Phoenix on Tuesday night. Trainer returned from Buffalo the same evening and was at the hospital the following morning. By now Leonard had eaten the nurses' complete supply of graham crackers, which he washed down with milk. He had sent Dunlop out to purchase two large boxes of the crackers. And a steady supply of steamed shrimp was imported daily from Obrycki's, a local restaurant. Leonard is fiercely self-reliant, but on Tuesday he permitted Little Ray to feed him the dreaded hospital food.

Juanita, who had rarely left her husband's side, said, "People don't seem to understand. They think Ray is Superman, that this kind of thing couldn't happen to him. He played basketball a lot, and that's a rough sport and it could have happened in a game. And it could have happened just like Dr. Michels said; people get torn retinas just by sticking their fingers in their eyes. It could have happened at any time, and I don't think people should try to figure out what happened or when, but just thank God that the eye was saved and that Ray is a good person and not superhuman and that things like this happen to him, too. Ray is a person just like you and me. People should understand that."

On Friday Michels tested the eye. When finished, he smiled. "Ray," he said, "if right now you lost the use of your right eye you could pass a driver's test with the left one. You're way ahead of the normal recovery rate."

The champion smiled. It was another message from God.

Last Sunday morning—24 days after the initial symptoms and only seven days after the operation—Ray Charles Leonard left the hospital and went home to Mitchellville to recuperate.

Michels' cautious prognosis is that Leonard should recover full use of the eye. Any decision on Leonard's future is six months away; any speculation beforehand is futile. Should Michels give the green light, then Sugar Ray Leonard will decide whether or not he will ever again enter a ring. And should Michels' final assessment be negative, which appears unlikely, then the decision will already have been made. It's that simple. **END**

An Unqualified Success At The Qualifying

With Rick Mears on the pole and Kevin Cogan next to him, team Penske is sitting pretty for the 500

by SAM MOSES

Among the speed records set at Indianapolis Motor Speedway during time trials Saturday, there was an unofficial one that said as much as anything about the way things went. It was the mark for the fastest resolution of the battle for the pole position. At 11:11 a.m., nine minutes after time trials had begun,

they were, for all practical purposes, over. That was how long it took for Kevin Cogan and Rick Mears of the Penske team to run four laps apiece and confirm what the 63 other drivers had suspected all week. Cogan averaged 204.082 mph and Mears 207.004 to put the pole out of reach of the rest of the field. Each drove a new Penske-Cosworth, Cogan's named the Norton Spirit and Mears's the Gould Charge, and each set single- and four-lap qualifying records, although Cogan's only lasted until Mears, the 1979 winner of the 500, broke them.

All week during practice no one could touch the Penske times. The Penske backup car was faster than anyone else's No. 1 machine; in fact, that was the car the 26-year-old Cogan ended up using in qualifying, after the engine seized in his faster No. 1 car in practice about an hour before the trials began.

Filling out the front row was a man who has raced at Indy almost as many times as Cogan has celebrated his birthday. A.J. Foyt, driving a March-Cosworth at 203.332 mph, qualified for his 25th straight 500 in a wind gusty enough to give even him a thrill. The only other cars to cause Mears and Cogan to look over their shoulders were the STP team Wildcat-Cosworths of Mario Andretti and Gordon Johncock, who qualified for the second row at 203.172 and 201.884 mph, respectively.

The fact that Roger Penske's drivers had drawn second and fourth in the qualifying order (they actually went first and second, because Bill Alsup, who had picked the first spot in a blind draw on Friday, and Bobby Rahal, in the third position, had passed) was a portent that wasn't really necessary. The drivers had the only omen they needed after Mears's 11th lap on his first day of practice, when he hit 203.7 .08 mph faster than the one-lap qualifying record set in 1978 by Tom Saeva before a rule change restricting turbocharger boost. Penske's new cars, model number PC-10, had been ready since last October and had 3,000 miles of testing on them by the opening of the

continued

Mears poleaxed Cogan, averaging a record 207.004 mph in his needle-nosed PC-10.



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Penske (center) has high hopes Mears or Cogan will give him his fourth Indy 500 win.

INDY QUALIFYING *continued*

CART season on March 28. Foyt summed up what all the non-Penske drivers faced when he said, "The rest of us are trying to do as much in six days as Penske took six months to do." Then Foyt compared the handling of his own March-Cosworth to Mears's PC-10. He raised a hand and made smooth and swoopy motions as he traced the imaginary path of Mears's car through Turn 1. Then the hand began shaking as if Foyt had the DTs. That was A.J. going through the same turn. And Andretti had already said that in trying to approach Mears's practice speeds he was having to take deep breaths down the straights to psych himself for the turns. Said three-time winner Johnny Rutherford, "Complacency. That's what got us all so far behind. At least that's the case at Chaparral. We really believed our 4-year-old car could be competitive." The Chaparral folks could not have been more wrong: Rutherford qualified only 12th fastest, at 197.066 mph.

Each year the Brickyard seems to spawn a golden boy, a driver who's young, handsome and, above all, fast. Four years ago it was Mears; this year it is his new teammate, Cogan. In the 1981 500 Cogan finished fourth as a rookie, but he was overlooked for Rookie of the

Year because of the dashing Mexican, Josele Garza, who won the award after leading the 500 for 13 laps before crashing. Penske didn't overlook Cogan's performance. When Bobby Unser, driving for Penske last year, won his third 500 and retired—to manage Garza's team—Penske hired Cogan as his replacement.

Although Cogan has been paying his racing dues for 10 years, he shows no signs of wear; he looks even younger than 26, with an every-bair-in-place handsomeness that fits the mission-control image of Penske racing. But more important than the image, Cogan has the Penske do-whatever-it-takes attitude. He began racing in high school, financing his cars by hustle and shrewdness. As a 17-year-old he got his first look at an electronic video game—the seminal Pong—and saw it as his ticket to motor racing. He bought one of the machines, installed it in a bar for half the profits it generated, bought more machines as the game's popularity spread and made thousands in his senior year at West High in Torrance, Calif. He used his earnings to race his first Formula Ford. Then, after two years of studying marketing at El Camino Junior College, he borrowed \$50,000 to continue racing, with no means to repay it beyond confidence in himself. He scratched along for the next few years. Despite notable success in the Formula

Atlantic road-racing series, none of the front-line teams took much notice of Cogan. He was at an alltime low just a year ago, tired of second-rate cars and ready to quit. "If nothing else, I figured it all had been a character-building experience," he says, having been fairly confident that he could always become a Pong magnate, or something. Then 1963 Indy winner Parnelli Jones stepped into the picture. As he had touted Mears, then an off-road racer, to Penske five years earlier, and Unser to Andy Granatelli 12 years before that, Jones helped Cogan get an Indy ride last year.

Still, that such an inexperienced Indy driver could blow the doors off the likes of Foyt and Andretti made people wonder how much of Cogan's speed in last week's practices was driver, how much car. It was a reasonable question. In the two Indy car races to date this year, Mears has set two track qualifying records in the PC-10 and run away with the races. The car was designed at Penske's shop in England by Geoff Ferris, nicknamed Pencil by his crew, a truly retiring man who would probably make himself invisible if he could. Ferris began working at the drawing board in his office over the Penske race shop almost before his previous car, the PC-9B, had left Victory Circle at Indy last year. In November the PC-10 was ready to test.

Says Cogan, who would have two crashes during the testing, "After our first session at Atlanta we had gone five miles an hour quicker than Rutherford's pole-position time there the previous year. We all just went, 'Heh, heh' and rolled our eyes at each other. At the next test we destroyed the track record at Phoenix. Then we began to let ourselves think the car was for real."

The most striking thing about the PC-10—other than the fact that it goes around Indy at 207 miles an hour—is its nose, long and thin and sharp like a stiletto. That nose gives a clue—to a designer, at least—to the car's hidden attributes. It's long and sharp to slice the air and push it around to and underneath the car's sidepods; when the air speeds under the pods, a vacuum is created that sucks the car to the ground. The nose is narrow to allow the pods themselves to be wider and provide a larger vacuum area. Underneath the car, the aluminum tub of the monocoque chassis is a mere 18 inches wide—more or less; the exact width is a design secret.

con/road

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Consumer Orientation
No. 18 in a Series
Subject: Model Updating
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18

Porsche 911

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The practice week at Indy had been so lopsided that all the excitement was within the Penske pits. The other teams were working too frantically for any drama. Mears and Cogan, though they have hit it off well personally, formed an immediate rivalry. Says Mears, "That's one of the reasons Penske likes to have two drivers, to keep that competition going." Every time Mears made a hot lap, Cogan was right there to match or better it. Mears went 203, Cogan went 204. Mears went 205.8, Cogan went 206.3. Cogan sat out Thursday while the crew changed his engine, and Mears stayed out on the track all day, until he finally hit 206.8. "We can't get him to stop running," said Ferris jokingly. Said Mears of Cogan that night, "He's good. He's real good. He's scaring me, he's so good."

At 1:15 on Friday, when the air temperature was a horsepower-robbing 88°, Cogan turned in his own scorcher: 207.8. Mears couldn't beat it in the heat of the afternoon, but at 5:30 p.m. he turned a ferocious 208.7. But even as the crowd roared with the announcement of the speed, Penske, ever the perfectionist, wasn't smiling. He was dissatisfied because Mears's speed on the front straight, as measured by radar, was three mph slower than Cogan's: 210 vs. 213. That indicated Mears's engine was weak. Too slow! "We've got to change the engine tonight, put in a better one," Penske grumbled. Derrick Walker, Penske's Scottish race manager, chuckled. "Getting greedy, aren't we?" he said. "We want to get off the speed conversion chart [which calculates miles per hour from lap times and ends at 209.3]. We want to see those suckers print a new one."

Saturday the rivalry for the pole ended in the warmup session when Cogan's engine seized and he had to switch to the backup car. And with his new engine Mears did "only" 207, and didn't get off the chart. But each had a comment on the intensity of qualifying.

Cogan: "You're definitely white-

knuckling it. I don't look forward to doing too many laps in a row. Four laps at 206 or so and you'll be able to wheel me away for a couple hours."

Mears: "In the race you do what the car wants you to do for 500 miles, which is relatively easy. In qualifying you try to get the car to do what you want it to for four laps."

The car rarely cooperates. Sometimes it turns vicious. Sometimes it kills you, as it did Gordon Smiley. One hour after Mears and Cogan had made their record runs, Smiley, 33, a Texan in his third Indy appearance, began to slide out in Turn 3 as he tried to get a flying start for the first of his four qualifying laps. When Smiley corrected, his March-Cosworth shot head-on into the wall at about 190 mph. The car disintegrated into little pieces of metal and big balls of fire, and with it went the life of a man who was doing what he wanted to do.

Danny Ongais could tell you about that. Ongais crashed in 1981 against almost the same spot, but his car had hit at an angle and slid along the wall. The chassis of his car withstood the impact;

the fireball stayed behind him. Among other injuries, his right leg was shattered. During his eight months of rehabilitation, Ongais says that quitting never entered his mind. This year he qualified ninth, at 199.148 mph, still limping.

Mears could also tell you about wanting to race so much that little else matters. "I'm so lucky to be racing that sometimes it scares me," he says. Last year at Indy his car caught fire during a refueling stop. The invisible flames of burning methanol licked inside his helmet and played on his face. Five weeks later, with an unhealed nose, he drove again and won two 125-mile races in one day at Atlanta. He went on to win four more—and the CART championship. He has had plastic surgery done on the nose and needs more. The reason Mears hasn't had another operation is that he has been too busy doing what he most wants to do.

Mears and Ongais and Smiley all had that in common. Mears and Ongais were fortunate enough to have lived to prove how much they want to race. Smiley paid for it, but he was getting his money's worth when it happened. **END**



Smiley's car slammed into the Turn 3 wall at 190 mph. The driver was dead in the wreckage of the cockpit even as the rear of the car caromed in flames down the track.



Some people masquerading in Boston uniforms have been romping through the American League in this merry month of May. Whoever they are, they can't be the Bosox. Red Sox are always awesome hitters and awful pitchers, toe-to-toe sluggers who fail to go the distance. Red Sox traditionally are going, going, gone.

But so is their old image. The Bosox who led the AL East by one game at the end of last week with the best record in the league, 23-12, have been scoring runs politely, pitching exquisitely and fielding fetchingly. "We don't beat you to death anymore," says Pitcher Dennis Eckersley. "We just beat you."

Through Sunday these darned Sox had won 21 of their last 28 games. They were 10-5 in one-run games, as opposed to a 14-15 record in close calls last year, and they had come from behind in 11 of their

victories. And the Red Sox now win away from Fenway Park; they are 13-5 on the road.

By the score of it, Boston's 10-5 victory at Kansas City last Saturday seemed like a game from the past, but it was fairly typical of the new Boston team. Only one of the runs came on a homer, by Dave Stapleton, as the Red Sox beat the Royals' Black (Harry) and Blue (Vida). Tony Perez, who had turned 40 the day before, drove in three runs, and Dwight Evans had two doubles, each good for an RBI, and four walks. Mike Torrez started for Boston, but after he gave up a three-run homer to George Brett in the seventh, on came Mark Clear, who shut down the Royals for his seventh save of the year.

The bullpen has been superb, with Clear, Tom Burgmeier, Bob Stanley and Luis Aponte having combined for eight wins, 11 saves and an ERA of 2.27 through Sunday. The defense had made only two errors in its last 12 games. One of the few familiar things about the Sox is the man they call Yaz. Although Carl Yastrzemski had missed seven of the team's last 10 games because of a pulled groin, he was hitting .330 with five homers and 21 RBIs, all team highs.

continued

Although Boston has by no means sewn up the American League flag, don't needle Manager Ralph Houk

by STEVE WULF

The Darned Red Sox Haven't Any Holes



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Hoffman is hitting .267 and has surpassed his 1981 totals of one homer and 20 RBIs.

THE RED SOX continued

In a way, the Red Sox are the inverse of that old Branch Rickey aphorism, "Luck is the residue of design." General Manager Haywood Sullivan has assembled a well-balanced team somewhat by accident. He made an excellent trade after the 1980 season, sending Rick Burleson and Butch Hobson to the Angels for Third Baseman Carney Lansford, Centerfielder Rick Miller and Clear. Actually, Sullivan would have settled for another pitcher, Fred Martinez, who's no longer in the majors, instead of Clear, but Angel Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi was generous to a fault. The Red Sox also lost Centerfielder Fred Lynn, getting next to nothing in return, and Catcher Carlton Fisk, for whom they received zilch.

So what happened? Lansford batted .336 to lead the league in '81. Miller's average in his second tour with the Red Sox is about 50 points higher than Lynn's with the Angels. Platooning catchers Gary Allenson and Rich Gedman have given Boston more run production than Fisk has given the White Sox. Glenn Hoffman, a year removed from the pressure of replacing Burleson at shortstop, at week's end had 21 RBIs, 10 of which had either tied the score or put the Sox ahead, and was fielding quite nicely.

Sullivan's master stroke, though, was hiring 61-year-old Ralph Houk after the '80 season. The Major has proved to be an adept handler of pitchers and an even more adept

handler of men. "I thought he would be too old," says Yastrzemski, of all people. "Heck, he's even younger than I am."

The players like Houk because he doesn't play favorites, second-guess or keep anyone in the dark. "He's a genius at motivating players," says Tony Kubek, who played for Houk in New York. "He never belittles you, but if you don't hustle, he has this very intimidating stare. He'd even give it to Mantle."

Houk's positive attitude caught on last year, when the Sox surpassed almost everyone's expectations by finishing a close second in the AL East in the second season. There's a happy clubhouse, though not too long ago it was a startling one. "No more jealousies, just pats on the back," says Evans. "If we'd been this to-

gether in the mid-70s, there's no telling how many games we would've won. It's all Houk, it's all him."

Houk's knack with pitchers is legendary. "I can usually tell from the bench when to make a change," he says. "I can see the pitcher's frustration just by his actions. I can see he's not quite himself."

The pitchers can also read Houk. "Whenever he gets ready to go out to the mound, he takes off his glasses," says Burgmeier. "In the bullpen, you always hear, 'Uh, oh, Ralph's taking them off.'"

The Houk hockey has upset some of the starters recently, particularly John Tudor and Bob Ojeda, but Eckersley, for one, is a staunch defender. "He knows when to take the ball away," The Eck says. "Some guys have gotten mad, but that'll just make them more competitive." In the spring, Houk convinced Eckersley to throw through the early pain and to stop pampering his arm. The Eck, who says he has never felt better, has responded with four complete games, four wins, two shutouts and a 2.19 ERA.

Houk keeps elaborate pitching charts, counting warmups as well as real pitches, and he almost never brings a reliever in two days in a row, though he must be tempted to do it often with Clear, the man called Horse. Clear, a righthander who through Sunday had 316 strikeouts in 318 career innings, combines an intimidating fastball with a pitch he maintains is a slider but everyone else calls a curve. It breaks about the length of a bat, and lefthanded hitters think it's a pitch-out until the ball drops in over the plate.

Aponte, the other short man in the bullpen, was once released by the Red Sox but was re-signed after pitching in the ill-fated Inter-American League. He says he's 27, but his teammates are always kidding him that he came up with fellow Venezuelan Luis Aparicio, who retired at age 39 in 1973. Stanley produced a fake birth certificate in spring training that said Aponte was born in 1947. Aponte is a writer of love poems, some of which he has recited on Venezuelan radio, but his true passion is relieving because, he says, "If you're good, things are 67 percent on your side. You win, save or lose. When you start, it's just 50-50, win or lose." He throws sinkers, sliders, changeups, forkballs and—though only at appropriate moments—fastballs.

continued on page 81

Yaz's hot bat is reviving memories of yasteryear.





A.J. Foyt



Bob Lanier



Mike Mosley



Roger McCluskey



Wally Dallenbach



Lloyd Ruby



Al Unser



Bobby Unser



Bobby Unser

THE GRAYING OF THE INDY 500

IN THIS SPECIAL 16-PAGE ADVERTISING INSERT, THE AUTHOR EXAMINES THE PHENOMENON OF THE OLDER DRIVERS WHO CONTINUE TO RACE AND WIN THE INDY 500.

Had Juan Ponce de Leon survived history's derision, not to mention an untimely Indian arrow, and was still continuing his great quest, he'd surely be packing his breastplate and divining rod at this very moment and mounting an expedition to the Midwest. Nothing can be confirmed from satellite photos just yet, but a computer scan of sports statistics has turned up a promising clue as to the true location of the Fountain of Youth. Northwest of a large town located almost dead center in the state of Indiana there is a rectangular patch of land on which gray, middle-aged men have been proving themselves virtually indomitable against their luzzz-checked young challengers.

The site is that of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Once each year, on the Sunday before the last Monday in May, it is the scene of the world's oldest auto race, the Indianapolis 500, run continuously since 1911 except for six war-time years. In that span of time, the race has become the world's largest one-day sporting event. But enough of this almanac information. What would get old Ponce de Leon all hot and bothered beneath his armor would be the fact that this is one of the few sporting arenas anywhere in which men closing in on a half century of residence on this planet are not only a match for their younger competitors, in supposedly peak condition, but the oldtimers are actually better.

Look at who wins. Last year it was Bobby Unser, at 47 the oldest guy in the race. The year before it was Johnny Rutherford, age 42 at the time. In fact, in the last ten years, there has only been one winner under 30. Rick Meeks was 27 when he won in 1979. The rest have all been 35 or older, about the age at which they'd have been thinking of limping up their uniforms had they been pro ballplayers and probably into cashing their pension checks if they had played in the NFL.

The older Indy drivers don't succumb out of deference either, there's no age-before-beauty protocol going into Turn One. Last year Bobby Unser started from the pole, having won it at



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a speed of 200.516 mph, and was demonstrably the fastest man in the race. Likewise, winner Rutherford started from the pole in 1980, clocking 192.256 mph to win that position.

The old guys are definitely the quick guys at Indianapolis, a point we might just as well drive home while we're in the neighborhood. The average age of the front-row qualifiers last year was just over 42, brought down to that tender figure solely by the efforts of youngster Mike Mosley, a mere 34, who averaged 197.141 mph in a Chevy-powered Eagle. Imagine how fast he'll be a dozen years from now when he's approaching the vintage of his present fellow front-row qualifiers, the redoubtable Bobby Unser and A.J. Foyt, who was third fastest last year at 46

years of age.

Not only are there fast old guys at Indy, but there are fast old guys in depth. Of the nine drivers making up the front three rows, only three of them were under 40. (One of them was way under, the 22-year-old Mexican sensation, Joselo Garza, but then future stars have to start somewhere.) In fact, 12 drivers age 40 or older started in the 1981 race—there were only eight under 30—and nine representatives of the more advanced decade qualified in the top half of the field. Only eight started up there, however; 41-year-old Mario Andretti was forced to grid his car in the last row because that car, though it had actually qualified eighth fastest, had been driven by a substitute driver while Andretti was off racing in

the Belgian Grand Prix. But this only makes the case for older drivers even stronger. The substitute was Wally Dallenbach, former Indy racer and now chief steward for CART, who came out of retirement, temporarily, at 43. And Andretti himself nearly won the 500; moreover, the confused finish of the '81 race caused Andretti to be listed as the winner for a number of months. Mario finally had to settle for second place, nonetheless a truly remarkable achievement given the handicap of starting 11 rows of cars behind!

This graying of the Indianapolis 500 in some ways matches the graying of America where people over 40 make up more than a third of the nation's population. The average age of the 33 qualifiers in last year's race was nearly

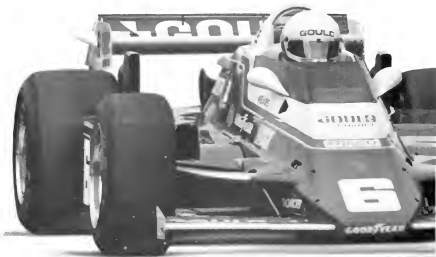


Johnny Rutherford (top left), shown back when he was a two-time winner; A.J. Foyt (above) marks a quarter century of appearances at Indy in '82; Bobby Unser (top right), at 47, is the oldest to win the 500; Mario Andretti (below left) is 42 and as good as now; Mike Mosley (below) is already a seasoned competitor at age 35; and Wally Dallenbach (below right) is now retired.





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Gordon Johncock (above) won the Indianapolis 500 in 1973 at age 36. Since his rookie year in 1965, he has made 17 consecutive Indy races. Rick Mears (below) is the exception to the rule about the indomitability of older drivers. He was just 27 when he won in 1979. In the 65-year history of the race, only seven drivers have won at a younger age.



37. Compare that with the Indy class of 1930 whose average age was just over 29, with not a man over 40 on the grid. For the sake of historical perspective, one would do well to go back to 1911, the year of the first Indianapolis 500. Motor racing was a more haphazard sport in those days so statistics are not available on all forty drivers who started that inaugural event, but of the 35 men whose birth dates are recorded, the average age was 27. Not one of them was over 40, only nine were over 30, and seven were 22 or younger. If that seems very young now, it probably didn't in those days because the life expectancy of an adult male born almost 100 years ago was only about 45. Just being alive was risky back then.

But while the age of Indy drivers has been on an upward trend since the very beginning, it's only recently that the graybeards truly took over. Finding success at Indianapolis has become akin to working your way up the corporate ladder. The board room in this case is occupied by the seven still-active former winners: Andretti, Foyt, Gordon Johncock, Mears, Rutherford, Bobbs Unser and Al Unser. Their aver-

age age is 42—in fact, all but one are over 40. And to show how firmly they retain their seats, only one Indy 500 since 1975 has had a first-time winner.

You don't have to go back very far in the Indy archives to see when this crop of present-day veterans matured. As late as 1973, Cliff Bergere and Chet Miller still held the record for having driven in the most 500s at 16 races each—and that record had stood for over two decades! Bergere was a swashbuckling competitor with a contradictory streak of absolute discipline when it came to driving at the brickyard. He would calculate an advance what he thought would be a winning average speed and then pace himself accordingly, regardless of what other drivers were doing. Bergere never won the race but his exceptional career touched four decades by the time he retired from racing in 1950 at age 53. Miller was a contemporary of Bergere's, a man remembered as fast yet a "real smooth driver, nice and easy with a car." He was killed in the crash of his Novi at the Speedway in 1953. It would be 24 years before another driver would accumulate enough appearances at the Speedway to break the Miller and Bergere 16-race record.

The driver to do it, as even casual followers of the race might guess, was A.J. Foyt, and he didn't just accumulate 17 races; he assembled a string of 17 consecutive races which, however unthinkable that might have been in 1974, is nothing compared to the 24 consecutive races he logged by qualifying—in the front row, recall—last year. Foyt has run more Indianapolis races than anybody and, with four victories, has won more than anybody. The pit-lane sages say Foyt continues racing just to keep the three three-time winners (Rutherford and the Unser brothers) from matching his score; and those winners, all of whom are over 40 and reasonably affluent, keep racing just to try to knock Foyt off his perch as the only four-time winner. Whatever the reason, Foyt shows no signs of wanting to spend his Memorial Day weekend anywhere other than the Indianapolis Speedway.

Foyt stands alone as the most experienced Indy veteran, but the telling statistic about today's leading drivers is that they've moved Bergere and Miller so far down on the list of races run that they're about to drop out of the top ten



Cliff Bergere (above), a former stuntman, first drove a Miller Eight like the one he's leaning over at the Speedway in 1927. He is shown below in 1927 and again in 1947, his career having touched four decades when he retired in 1950. Chet Miller (bottom two), shown in 1930 and 1952, shared Bergere's mark of 16 Indy races, a record that held until 1974.





Three high-mileage veterans: George Snider (above) qualified for his 17th race last year, but he sold his ride to young Tim Richmond, 25, before the race; Bobby Unser (below) became the seventh three-time winner in 1981 on his 19th consecutive try; and Johnny Rutherford (bottom) became a three-time winner in 1980 on his 17th attempt at the Speedway.



completely. Andretti and Al Unser attained Bergere and Muller's record last year, joining George Snider, who reached 16 in 1980. Johncock now has 18, the old record of Lloyd Ruby and Roger McCluskey; and Bobby Unser has 19. Except for the retired Ruby and McCluskey, all are expected to return this year. The point here is that today's top Indianapolis drivers are not only older than their forerunners but they've driven in more races and bring more experience to the job. Foyt, for example, is credited with 9,045 racing miles at Indy, nearly 50% more than Bergere, the highest-mileage oldtimer, who has 6,142.

The fact that Indianapolis drivers remain not just solid competitors but winners well into their forties suggests some critical differences between auto racing in general and most other sports. Auto racing is a much more thoughtful pursuit than it is usually given credit for being—more of a mind game—and the capacity for thought stays around much longer than the ability to perform amazing feats of strength and dexterity. Race car driving is also very much a skill, like boxing or shooting baskets, and it develops with practice. The difference is that you don't need the legs and lungs to dance around a ring or run up and down a court. Drivers tend to have well-developed upper bodies for steering, thick necks to support helmeted heads against two g's of sideforce, and a physiological makeup that accommodates itself to operating at top efficiency in high heat. If you can imagine doing pushups in a sauna while wearing a snowmobile suit, you have a fair idea of the sweating that goes on in the cockpit of a modern Indy racing car. All of this is physically demanding, to be sure, but it's not the same thing as going toe-to-toe in a ring with some guy who is trying to punch your off button.

Rather than grappling against an opponent, a driver's job is grunting the most out of his equipment. The standard bars, clubs and rackets of sports have no moving parts. A car not only has thousands of moving parts, but they fit together into numerous systems, each of which must be optimized for every track. The crew will make adjustments until their wrenches wear out—more downforce on the wing, less ride height of the chassis, different gear ratios in the driveline—but it is

the driver who must guide a crew to make these changes and he will pass judgement on their effectiveness. Here again, the corporate-executive analogy is appropriate. Somebody has to call the shots and since the driver is the only one with first-hand knowledge of how the car is behaving, that somebody ends up being the man—or woman—behind the wheel. He also has to pilot the car during the race, make split-second decisions about how hard to run, where to pass and when to ease up. Discretion is credited with being the better part of valor, and now here is that more true than in the cockpit of a racing car. One ill-considered move and you can throw away your chances of winning. And the car. And maybe something even more irreplaceable: your life.

Perhaps the value of an older driver is most easily seen from the car owner's standpoint. Indianapolis is the most important race of the season. The investment for this single race may approach \$1 million, including equipment and personnel. Doing well at Indy will set up a team financially for the rest of the year and guarantee solid sponsorship for the next. So who do you hire to be your driver, a fire-breathing young hotshoe or a seasoned 40-year-old who's been through it all—perhaps a dozen times or so—and has proved to be an iceman, case-hardened and unkillable?

The older drivers really are different. The Indy 500 starts at 11 a.m. An hour before is about when the pre-race hoopla in front of the pits reaches its full fervor. Bands blaring, celebrities waving, high-rollers bouncing off one another in the pits, sponsors gonging brigades of business acquaintances, tours of entertainment suites, TV and film crews dueling with long lenses for position, and 300,000 spectators forming walls of rumbling, excited humanity on either side of the 2.5-mile track. That's when Leo Muhl, Goodyear's chairman, says, "Now is our big garage area." All the young drivers have been suited up since around 7 a.m., he says. "You walk into Rutherford's garage and it's reasonably calm. Then you go to Foyt's garage and he's in there talking about his car dealership. It's 10:15 and maybe he's just starting to change. Last year at 10:30 I saw Bobby Unser out in the alley, gabbing away like it was any Tuesday. He still had his sport short on. A couple of years ago I met Jim McElreath (52) when he last

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qualified for the race in 1980) and it was so late I said, 'Jim, don't you think you ought to get dressed?' I'm more nervous about it than they are."

Despite the coolness of these veterans, they don't seem to have slowed down in performance, however. Mehl attributes their long careers, in part, to the decade-long time that started in the mid-1960s. Goodyear and Firestone were struggling for the promotional supremacy that only a win at Indianapolis can bring. To get it, both companies would test the track, have drivers, and test, test, test, sometimes as much as eight weeks a year. The mantras of such testing programs were Rutherford, Johncock, Foyt and Bobbs Unser for Goodyear; Andretti and Al Unser for Firestone. "I'll bet Foyt has more test miles than most others have race miles," Mehl says. "But all of them racked up experience that they wouldn't otherwise have gained." And at Indianapolis, experience is critical because of the unusual nature of the track. At most high-speed ovals—Daytona, for example—a driver goes around in one clearly marked lane, or at least doesn't need to deviate from it very much. But at Indy, there are no lanes. Instead, the driver tries to cut the widest arc through each of four distinct turns. This means starting out by the wall, dropping down to the inside of the turn at its center, then moving back out to the wall at the exit. Such precision pathfinding—at speeds of 290 feet per second in turns that are devoid of landmarks and so long you can't see around them—requires the navigational instincts of a spawning salmon. Since people aren't born with that, practice is the best substitute. Today's older drivers practiced during those test-testing times. But the tire war was over by 1975, leaving no way for the younger drivers to get theirs. It's quite possible that some of the new comers might be faster drivers, but *knowing* the track, *knowing* how to get with what you know. And the older drivers know more, much more.

They've had time to learn more about the cars, soak up new technology bit by bit, discover the quirks of wings, wide tires, turboschargers and ground effects as those innovations were being introduced. Today's Indy car is infinitely more complicated than the old solid-axle roadster powered by a non-turbo Offy that was the standard setup 20 years ago. The older drivers

have grown up with the new cars. The new drivers have all of the complexity to learn all at once. "This knowledge gap is what enables the old guys to keep kicking the younger ones' fingers off the ladder," says Dan Gurney, one of America's finest race drivers, who retired in 1970 at age 39. Now a race-car builder and team owner, Gurney has watched an evolutionary change in the requirements of an Indy driver: "In the old days, there was more emphasis on bravado and driving skills: 'Show me where the pedal is and I'll leg it harder than any of these old fogies.' Now it's harder to get down to the point where guts is what counts."

Since it's generally agreed that a good car competently driven will beat a mediocre car valiantly driven, the emphasis today is on setting up the car. That requires experience and mechanical sensitivity. Bravado and the willingness to take risks, qualities that traditionally make up the substance of the younger driver's portfolio, are not all that highly valued now. As a result, you see a different personality coming to the Speedway. They're more apt to be the entrepreneurial sort, guys who thrive on opportunity and complexity.

Bob Laycock, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway's historian, is a man who has watched drivers come and go over the years. "Now they walk in carrying briefcases," he says. "They're conducting a business, maybe even a big business, on the side." Indeed, several of 1981's older rookies—Bill Alsup and Bob Lazier, both 42—achieved substantial commercial success before they turned to Indy-car racing. Laycock remembers the drivers in the early 1950s. "Those fellows loved to race, because they knew if it weren't for racing they'd have to pump gas, do garage work on something like that, so they preferred to race. The drivers then tended to be blue collar, today they're white collar. That's the difference."

The transformation came about *unintentionally* because of improvements in safety. The successful entrepreneur always calculates his risks. But auto racing had generally resisted such analysis, tending instead to deal out injury or death in a random manner that took neither precalculation nor personal precaution into account. Indianapolis led off in 1911 with a vivid example. That was back in the days when mechanics rode with the drivers. There

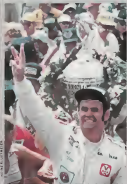


Indy fans all (from left to right), Tom H. Barrett, a Goodyear vice-president, Goodyear Chairman Charles J. Pilliod Jr., four-time winner A.J. Foyt and Leo Mehl, Goodyear's director of racing, gather for a pre-race chat after Mehl's early morning tour of Gasoline Alley. Bob Lazier (below) and Bill Alsup (bottom) were both 42 when they qualified as rookies in 1981.





The Amplox passenger (above), a riding mechanic in the 1911 race, is the sole survivor of that first Indy 500. Today (below), Col. Edward J. Towers (ret.), a distinguished veteran of three wars, is still an avid racing fan in his 95th year. Al Unser (bottom) became the fifth three-time winner in 1978. The only four-time winner, A.J. Foyt (right) here enjoys his 1977 accomplishment.



were a pair of Amplox cars entered. One of them crashed in practice, resulting in a broken arm for the relief driver. The scheduled "riding mechanic" promptly quit. Ed Towers, 23 years old and already a seasoned auto mechanic, volunteered to take his place in the repaired car. On the 15th lap of the race, the other Amplox rolled, crushing Sam Dickson, its mechanic, who became the first fatality in the history of the Indianapolis 500. The remaining Amplox went on to finish eighth and its replacement mechanic, Col. Edward J. Towers (ret.), now in his 95th year, is the last living participant in that first Indy 500. Luckily, he picked the right Amplox. But who wants to play that kind of game? Not someone who thinks much about the odds. Evidently, the early auto racers were inclined to take a shorter view.

Despite the space given to Speedway fatalities in the sports pages, Indianapolis was never as dangerous as the dirt tracks. But it was bad enough. Going through the starting lists of the early 1950s, one finds that, each year, 10% of the qualifiers would be dead by the following year, and another 10% would be injured so badly they could no longer compete. Little wonder there were so few old drivers in the 1960s.

Auto racing is a high-stakes game, closer to a man's soul than many of the usual ball-playing sports. But drivers are still human, which is not to say they're suicidal. And as the 1950s evolved, so did safety equipment. Drivers shed their T-shirts in favor of special fireproof suits. Helmets were improved. Yet, it was in the decade of the '60s—and the tire war—that the real improvements came. The old-style tires were narrow. If a car skidded for any distance, the casings went through, allowing the metal wheels to dig into the pavement, precipitating a rollover. In their search for more speed, the tire companies designed wider and wider tires. A side benefit was that they didn't wear too much in a skid. In fact, their extra resistance to skidding made out-of-control cars less likely to hit the wall. Simultaneously, the rear-engine car, with its lowered center of gravity, replaced the old roadster, reducing rollovers even more.

But it wasn't until the Vietnam War that roadsters were made against the worst hazard of them all—fire. The

military discovered that in the majority of instances when helicopters were shot down, most of those on board could survive the impact of the crash. What they didn't survive was the subsequent fire. The self-sealing fuel system of such helicopters could withstand bullets, but not impact. Today's Indy cars have fuel systems that benefit directly from engineering done by the military to prevent post-crash helicopter fires. The mandatory fuel cells in all Indy cars are virtually bulletproof. As a test, these cells are filled and dropped from a height of 60 feet like giant water balloons. Just as important are the lines which link the tanks to the various pumps, filters, and to the engine itself. If the car should break apart in a crash these lines are designed to separate at pre-determined connections, which then close off, preventing leakage.

There were two terrifying Indy-car accidents last year. Danny Ongus' Turn Three crash at Indy and a somewhat similar crash A.J. Foyt experienced at Michigan International Speedway. Both happened with full fuel loads. Neither resulted in a fuel fire. The improvements in this area are simply fantastic, and at least part of the credit must go to Goodyear, which supplies the components for such systems.

The net result of all these and other safety developments is a sport that is no longer so risky for men with the wisdom that comes with age. Racers avoid talking of a cessation in fatalities, superstitiously fearing that mentioning it will somehow arouse the fates. But the fact is that the last Indy-car death—of





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The long relievers are Stanley (Steamer) and Burgmeier (Bugs). Stanley got off to a poor start, but Houk stayed with him. In one 2 1/3-inning stretch, he gave up 15 hits and only one run, with 47 of his 65 outs coming on grounders. Nominally, his best pitch is a sinker, but Stanley could probably tell Gaylord Perry a thing or two. Burgmeier, once the Sox' bullpen ace, had allowed only one run in his last four appearances, three of which were longer than five innings.

The spiritual leader of the offense is Coach Walt Hiriak, the poor man's Charley Lau. The Red Sox no longer pull everything, so they are more adaptable when they leave the land of the Green Monster. Evans was Hiriak's star pupil last year. This spring his pet project was Yaz, who hit only .246 in '81. "The bat should be at a 45-degree angle when you start your swing, and for a year I tried to talk Yaz into starting at there," Hiriak says. "Finally, with four days to go in spring training, he decided to try."

"I guess I've gone full circle, because this is where I held it when I first came up," says the 42-year-old Yastrzemski. "I went high, I went low, but Walt showed me that the bat always came back to that 45-degree angle no matter where you began your swing." Of course, the stance may not be responsible for Yaz's revival. It could be history repeating itself. Ted Williams looked like he was through at 41, and at 42 he hit .316 with 29 homers and 72 RBIs.

"How the heck does he do it?" K.C.'s Brett asked Saturday as Yaz took batting practice. For one thing, he's a physical marvel. Last year when Frank Katch, a professor of exercise science at the University of Massachusetts, tested the Red Sox players for strength, flexibility and endurance, Yastrzemski's reflexes rated about as high as Katch had ever seen—and Katch has also tested pro football players and Olympic athletes. Yaz is still a superb fastball hitter, and he will wait and wait until he gets one.

Dick Howser, the Royals' manager, shared his first Opening Day in the majors with Yastrzemski—April 11, 1961. Three years ago he also recruited Yaz's son Mike to play for him at Florida State. "Carl's looking better than he has in three or four seasons," says Howser. "I'm not really surprised because he keeps himself in great condition. He weighed 180 when I first saw him, and that's about what he weighs now."



Houk is downright bullish on his bullpen of Clear, Aponte, Burgmeier and Stanley.

Brett recalls the first time he met Yastrzemski. George was 14, and his brother, Ken, was pitching for the Red Sox. "You know how nervous you get when you meet somebody big and famous," he says. "I remember my left eye kept twitching. Later, my brother gave me a pink tie that Yaz had given him. I wanted to wear that tie all the time. I kept bugging my father to take us out to dinner just so I could wear it."

Even Yaz's teammates, who hold him in slightly less awe than opponents do, admit to being fans. Hoffman used to paste a picture of his own face on his Yaz poster. Gedman, a Worcester, Mass. native, and Jerry Remy, from Somerset, Mass., pretended to be Yastrzemski when they were kids. "Of course, I grew up to be Pumpke Green," says Remy.

Yastrzemski and Perez have been alternating DHs, and had combined for seven homers and 31 RBIs. "We'll play forever," says Perez. "After we're finished here, we'll go to Japan." The Red Sox wanted to trade Perez to the Dodgers early in the season, but Doggie turned it down, preferring to go to Philadelphia. Nothing could be worked out, which is now to the mutual delight of the Red Sox and Perez.

Neither Yaz nor Perez is likely to see much action in the field this year. Before the season, Houk told both men that he

would play Stapleton at first. Stapleton's better range has relaxed the pressure on the whole infield, although Remy says he's playing no differently. Hoffman, who was much improved in the second season last year, has shown unexpected range. The outfield is second only to Oakland's defensively. Even Reid Nichols, subbing for Miller, made a game-saving, diving catch against Texas recently. Behind the plate, Allenson has thrown out six of the seven runners who have tried to steal on him, a great improvement over the second half of '81, when he nabbed only two of 15.

What's strangest about the Red Sox surge is that only lately have Evans and Jim Rice begun to produce. As recently as May 11, Evans had as many assists, four, as RBIs.

"I like the way the Red Sox are doing it," says Howser. "Pitching and defense will win over the long haul. I haven't seen any team better. Their strength is they don't have a lot of weaknesses."

The people of Boston haven't really noticed the Red Sox yet, or else they haven't recognized these Bosox as their team. Attendance is down 24,702 from last year, and it'll probably be a while longer before the Red Sox catch on. After all, they weren't expected to win. They also weren't expected to win in 1946, 1967 or 1975.

END

PRO FOOTBALL

Whole new league, whole new season

The fledgling 12-team USFL will try to tackle fans by scheduling its games from March to July

by William Oscar Johnson

They sat at this long table in New York City's "21" Club: 15 businessmen, all at the pinnacle of success, all apparently sane, all secure and powerful, all millionaires of varying multiples, with the richest said to possess nine-figure fortunes. And they declared with total sobriety and absolute seriousness that they were launching a new 12-team pro football league that, beginning in 1983, will play a 20-game Other Season from March through June, with a championship game in early July. And they announced that they plan not only to put almost all of their teams in NFL cities but also to play in many of the stadiums the NFL uses.

Can this be so? We shall see. These millionaire owners of the dozen United States Football League franchises reportedly put up a \$1.5 million letter of credit for each club, to be held in escrow. More-

over, the owners said that they were able—and willing—to cover something between \$3 and \$6 million in losses per franchise over the next couple of years to guarantee that the league would have time to bloom. Notably, they agreed that each club will spend a minimum of \$500,000 each season on promotion and advertising.

The USFL's premise is that the American public isn't sated after devouring the annual banquet of pro football served up by the NFL; indeed, contend the league's organizers, the nation is still hungry, perhaps even starving, for more. The chairman of the USFL owners' committee, former Michigan circuit court Judge Peter Spivak, a co-owner of the Detroit club, put it this way, "Baseball teams play 162 games and pro basketball plays 82. Why should pro football—the most popular sport in history—be limited to a 16-game season?" Of course, this question has been asked before, most recently by the World Football League, which was

launched, foundered and sank in the two short, dark autumns of 1974 and 1975. The major difference between the dead WFL and the USFL is the so-called Other Season concept. It's not entirely new, either, although this will be its first actual test.

The Other Season idea was hatched almost 20 years ago in the fertile brain of one David F. Dixon of New Orleans—but at the time he saw it as a ploy to co-erce the NFL into an expansion club for his hometown. Dixon, 58, is a sort of professional enthusiast, an effervescent and often successful jack of many, many trades, including plywood manufacturer, car dealer, co-founder (with Lamar Hunt) of World Championship Tennis, amateur art collector turned professional art dealer, executive director of New Orleans' Superdome, candidate for the U.S. Congress (one of his unsuccessful), amateur golfer good enough to qualify for the U.S. Open, etc., etc. Now he's co-owner of the USFL's Chicago franchise and is

continued

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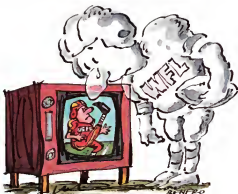
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TV exposure may well help this new league survive.

given full credit—or blame, as history may dictate—for founding the league, which makes him, in other words, Mother of the Other Season.

To Dixon also goes the lion's share of credit for bringing the Saints to New Orleans, an accomplishment that also carries a certain amount of reprobation. His campaign for the NFL franchise began in 1964, and his strategy for attracting an uninterested Commissioner Pete Rozelle was to float a trial balloon, to the effect that an Other Season league was about to start unless New Orleans got an NFL team. In the process, Dixon got some amazing responses to his great notion. He waived it past Paul Brown, then in NFL exile in La Jolla, Calif., and Brown was overwhelmingly positive. "Dave, never let anyone talk you out of this," Dixon recalls Brown saying. "It'll work, and I want the San Francisco franchise." Dixon began to sell harder and attracted a dazzling string of backers. "The Ice Follies people were ready to go all the way with a league," he says. "Some really impressive people wanted franchises—Gussie Busch of Anheuser-Busch, Kemmons Wilson of Holiday Inns, Gerry O'Neil of General Tire & Rubber, Nelson Bunker Hunt, the oilman. Believe it or not, Walter O'Malley wanted a piece."

But after New Orleans got itself an NFL team in 1967, Dixon went to work helping to set up that franchise and then took on the task of getting the Super-

dome built. The Other Season, without his enthusiasm to keep it afloat, didn't fly. Which brings us to the spring of 1980, when Dixon, by now an art dealer in the French Quarter, came North for a series of art shows and found himself reading in newspapers everywhere about the cable-TV explosion. "It suddenly occurred to me that this was going to break the NFL monopoly on pro football TV," he says, "and it also occurred to me that this was the time to bring the old Other Season idea out of mothballs."

From then until last week, Dixon took his Motherhood of Otherhood show on the road in an exhausting odyssey, trying to bring together the necessary men and money to put the USFL in at least a semblance of business. A key element in Dixon's selling strategy was a 1980 survey by Frank N. Magid Associates, Inc. of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a market research firm that has done work for ABC Sports, among others. For a test conducted for Dixon in nine top metropolitan markets, Magid needed as a statistical base 600 adults willing to classify themselves as "pro football fans." It took only 800 random phone calls to come up with that number, which the USFL people say means that 75% of all adults in major U.S. cities classify themselves as pro football fans. And of these 600 self-described fans, no fewer than 76% indicated interest in watching televised USFL games during the spring and summer and about 63% said they

might actually be interested in attending games in the Other Season. And what of the head-to-head competition with baseball? Magid found that 53% of those polled would prefer pro football to baseball on TV in the spring.

Last week there was plenty of discussion of TV and the big bucks it could bring the USFL, but all of the talk was of the blue-sky variety. No contracts—not even with cable or subscription TV—had been signed. However, at week's end the favorite to fill the still invisible office of USFL commissioner was Chet Simmons, the former NBC Sports executive and the president of the 24-hour cable-TV sports network, ESPN. Because the USFL is likely to scatter its games over several prime-time slots during the week, as well as play on weekend afternoons and possibly evenings, its potential for TV exposure is huge, and Simmons' expertise could prove invaluable. Despite the Big Three networks' new \$2 billion, five-year commitment to the NFL, both NBC and ABC, which have more openings on their spring sporting calendars than CBS, were said to be seriously pursuing a limited lineup of Sunday USFL games next season, while the cable networks were eyeing the rest of the league's schedule.

Of course, the ghost of the WFL keeps moaning in the background. Dixon insists that that league's fate is totally beside the point—except for the mistakes it made, which no intelligent man would repeat. "The WFL had the wrong cities, the wrong stadiums, the wrong owners," says Dixon. "The fact that the WFL managed to last two seasons before it folded is a tremendous tribute to the popularity of pro football in the U.S."

Unlike the WFL, the USFL is going head to head with the NFL in 11 of the USFL's 12 cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Tampa, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego and Detroit, with Birmingham the one non-NFL location. The new league hopes to add Houston and one other city. As for stadiums, the USFL says it will play in the same facilities that the NFL and, in some cases, major league baseball use. Spivak says he doesn't even expect to have to go to court to gain access to any of the stadiums. But many people have their doubts about that, including officials who operate publicly owned stadiums. Among others, San Francisco's Candlestick Park and San

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Diego's Jack Murphy Stadium are facilities in which the NFL occupant has a contract granting it exclusive use for pro football. Scheduling could also be a problem. Assistant City Manager John Lockwood of San Diego says of that city's ballpark—which the USFL flatly states it will use—"The trouble is, we don't want a football team in the stadium in the spring. We have a contract for the Padres for 81 games a year, and the Sockers are playing there at the same time. To put a pro football team in there for 10 games—we can't maintain the field with that kind of activity."

As for owners, the USFL seems well stocked with the kind of blue-ribbon high rollers of which the WFL had entirely too few. The co-owner of the USFL team in Tampa is John Bassett, the Toronto motion picture producer who raided the Miami Dolphins to obtain Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield for his Memphis WFL team. Of the difference between now and then, Bassett says, "In the WFL, I was the richest guy in the league. Here I'm the poorest." The USFL roster of ownership includes a variety of magnates: The New York owner is Walter Duncan, 61, a grandfatherly Oklahoma City oilman said to be worth considerably more than \$100 million; the Birmingham owner is a native of that city, Marvin Warner, also 61, a financier and thoroughbred owner now living in Cincinnati, who was ambassador to Switzerland during the Carter Administration and gave a memorable dinner party at the embassy featuring hot dogs, popcorn and beer; the San Diego owner is Bill Danacis, 62, an erstwhile Wyoming insurance agent who wired the town of Casper for cable TV in 1952 and from that beginning built an 11-state cable operation worth about \$150 million; the San Francisco principal owner is Tad Tamm, 50, a real estate developer who, the night before the USFL was unveiled, flipped a coin with the Los Angeles principal, another real estate developer, Jim Joseph, 46, to decide who would get San Francisco and who L.A.

And what of the players? Will this be a league of NFL has-beens and never-weres? No way, the owners say. But nei-

ther will the league try the old Bassett method of outbidding the NFL for its stars. Says Dixon, "I've said from the very start that the best way for us to operate is not to go after the NFL's veterans and superstars. We will not try to sign a Bradshaw, a Campbell, a Payton. The price is too high, the risk is too high. Our first-year payroll is going to be full of first-year players or their equivalent. No retrade, no rejects. We're going to create our own stars."

What will prevent the NFL from continuing to have its way with all of the best college talent? Probably nothing. Even the most rabid USFL backer wouldn't claim there will be true competition for the cream of the college crop for some years. Says Dixon, "We'll have troubles in the first and second round of the draft, sure. But once we get to the third, fourth,



USFL fat cats hope spring football bags big bucks.

fifth rounds—there we'll be real competitive. We'll offer things the NFL wouldn't think of giving, such as three-year, no-cut contracts to the top rookies and a promise that a player will stay in the territory where he was a college star."

For now the USFL will tackle the problem of not having the most famous players by hiring "name" coaches. Two former Denver Bronco coaches, Lou Saban and John Ralston, were conspicuous at "21" last week, and it was broadly hinted that they would be coaching in the USFL next year. A third prospect is yet another ex-Bronco coach, Red Miller. Apparently the USFL considers Denver the cradle of coaches.

There do seem to be ways such a league could survive, possibly even prosper someday. In fact, for a number of reasons the timing is propitious for the new league. The onrush of cable television and pay-per-view technology all but assures the league of all-important national TV exposure, regardless of what the ma-

nor networks decide. The WFL gladly would have given its 1975 championship game—free—to any TV outlet, network or whatever, that would take it, but without cable or subscription outlets there was simply no slot for it. Furthermore, if the USFL can survive for five years it will have a big jump on the NFL in the cable field, because Rozelle has sealed his league into a networks-only contract through 1986.

Another very positive bit of timing by the USFL—an element that the league founders claim they never consciously planned to cash in on, but surely would—is the threat of a long NFL players strike. If the 1982 NFL season should be truncated or—dare we say it!—canceled because of a labor dispute, the USFL would provide sustenance to a football-starved nation by next March.

And one more example of good timing: Because the Oakland Raider-L.A. Coliseum lawsuit has made the NFL so sensitive about its status vis-à-vis antitrust laws, Pete Rozelle's cohorts are probably less likely to fight the USFL—either in court or through public denunciations—than they might once have been. For openers, the NFL clubs may not go to court to enforce stadium exclusivity clauses where they exist.

Indeed, the birth of the USFL raises almost as many questions about the future of the NFL as it does about the USFL itself. For example, Might a second league ease the antitrust troubles of the NFL by putting it in a competitive situation? Would it affect the progress through Congress of the antitrust exemption the NFL is having such difficulty getting to the floor of the House? Would a USFL plan to share revenues with players—a definite possibility—push the NFL in the same direction? Would such a policy unleash a rush of NFL players to the USFL? Might more pro football mean over-saturation and a loss of popularity for the high-riding NFL?

No one knows. But whatever the answers, the founders of the USFL face a plethora of problems now. At the top of the list: to convince the skeptics and detractors that the league is a viable, valuable addition to sport.

END

by Jim Kaplan

Red-haired, blue-eyed Bobby Keith Moreland, variously the catcher, leftfielder, third baseman and rightfielder for the Chicago Cubs, is a strawberry statement from Texas who angles for catfish, hunts for quail, drinks blended whiskey, dips smokeless tobacco and is something of a universal baseball machine, whar with playing all those positions and betting a tough cleanup. At week's end, as the sixth-place Cubs were on the rise with seven wins in their last nine games, Moreland was among the National League Top 10 in hitting (.351), homers (eight), runs batted in (29), slugging percentage (.595), on-base percentage (.390) and hits (46).

Moreland moved to Chicago from the Phillies last December as part of the



A good sign for the Cubbies

Hard-hitting Keith Moreland is making a name for himself with Chicago

Green Connection—that busload of players and other personnel who accompanied Chicago General Manager Dallas Green from Philadelphia. To get Moreland, the Cubs had to part with their most consistent starting pitcher, Mike Krukow. "On this club we felt Keith's versatility would help, especially on offense," says Green, who managed Moreland for two-plus seasons in Philly. "He's a winner, he plays hard, and we needed somebody other than Bill Buckner to drive in runs. I have great confidence in Keith in RBI situations. He just gears up." Sometimes he seems to go into overdrive, as on May 7, when he had two homers and seven RBIs in a 12-6 win over Houston.

Even as a pinch hitter and substitute catcher with the Phillies, Moreland was an outstanding batter. Coming into this season he had a .291 lifetime average—.314 in 1980—and had hit .333 as a designated hitter in the 1980 World Series.

Moreland says he'll never contend for the Triple Crown, his current stats not-

withstanding. "To win a batting title you've got to run well and usually hit from the left side," says Moreland, a righthanded batter with below-average speed. "And to win the home run title you've got to be as powerful and consistent as a Mike Schmidt or George Foster [Moreland's high was 20 homers with Oklahoma City in 1979]. I'd like to bat .300 and drive in 100 runs. That would be a great season."

Moreland is as gracious as he is talented. Last week he actually thanked a photographer for taking his picture. That was hardly startling, considering that Moreland seems to be deeply grateful for the smallest of life's favors. "I was fortunate enough to grow up in Carrollton, Texas, outside Dallas, where they have an excellent Little League program," he says. "I was fortunate enough to play on a world championship Connie Mack team. At R.L. Turner High School I had a great coach, Jim Arnold, who had winning teams every year. Then I was lucky enough to play on the 1975 national

championship team at Texas and for the Phillies when they won the World Series. Everywhere along the line I've had great people and great programs.

"Why am I playing so well this year? Because I've been living in a tree, as we say in baseball. Lucky. I've hit the ball as hard before, but it seemed like a lot of them got caught. This year, every time I make contact, it drops in or goes out of the park. Even when I don't make good contact, it drops between people."

As he spoke, Moreland was relaxing at his condo in a complex in Glenview, a Chicago suburb. It was twilight and he could see geese landing on a pond near the complex's tennis courts. In the driveway a pair of Datsuns, Keith's Maxima and wife Cindy's 280ZX, were parked side by side. In the living room Lucy, a poodle, was romping with Cleo, a beagle. Cindy, a tawny brunette, was brushing the long blonde tresses of the Morelands' 4½-year-old daughter, Courtney, who is as fetching as a young Cinderella.

Moreland spit some Skol into an empty beer bottle. "I know the Cubs would be more competitive if we had lights at Wrigley Field," he said, repeating Green's standard line, "but it's nice getting up early and coming home in time

continued

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to see your kid before she's gone to bed."

It's easy to recognize Moreland at the park. He wears long sleeves even in hot weather, the better to protect his freckled arms from the sun. He gets a lot of fever blisters on his lips—another redhead's malady. And every spring he grows a beard to keep the Florida sun off his fair face. "I shave when I head north," he says, "because if I don't it gets orange and I look like Bono."

"Before Courtney was born, Keith said he didn't care how she turned out, just as long as she wasn't a redhead," Cindy interjects.

"It's get tough or die," explains Keith, "like being a boy named Sue. You get kidded so much about your hair. People call you 'a red bump on a log' and some other things I can't repeat. Sometimes they don't even remember your name. It's 'Red this' and 'Red that.'"

Originally a third baseman, Moreland was switched to catcher by the Phils during the 1976 Instructional League season so his bat wouldn't languish in Schmidt's shadow. By the last half of the 1981 season, he had deposed Bob Boone as the Phillie starter. Nonetheless, Philadelphia let him go in favor of Bo Diaz, who was acquired from Cleveland.

"I supposedly couldn't throw out runners, but the Phillies have a guy now who has a tremendous arm, and he's not throwing out runners," Moreland says. "Their pitchers just have a tough time holding men on."

Through May 4 opponents were successful in 24 of 35 attempts to steal—including 11 of their first 12—on Moreland, but Chicago Manager Lee Elia says that's not the reason Moreland was moved. Jody Davis, who is less versatile, is the catcher now. "I'd still like to catch," Moreland says, "but the main thing is to find one position and stick with it." Though he seems to have found a home in right, some observers feel his optimum spot may be as a designated hitter in the American League.

Then there's the matter of Moreland's football career, without which he might never have reached the majors. He wasn't drafted after his senior year in high school, and he attended Texas on a football scholarship, playing a little defensive back for Darrell Royal. "People talk about college baseball as if it's a holdback," he says. "Hey, I played in the 1973 College World Series with guys like Fred Lynn [not to mention Dave Win-

field and at least 16 other future major-leaguers]. Besides, I wasn't that great a football player. That's just publicity."

At Texas, Royal told Moreland he could miss spring practice only if he were likely to start in baseball. He did that and more, becoming an All-America and Southwest Conference Player of the Year before being drafted at the end of his junior season. As for football, Cindy remembers, "I watched him play in the Cotton Bowl. I kept jumping up and down every time I saw him. Then his cousin sitting behind me said it was no big thing: He was only playing on the special teams."

Even so, the football identity has stayed with him. After day games in Class A ball at Spartanburg, S.C. he would play water football—a playful if potentially brutal game contested in the shallow end of a pool. Because Moreland was hard to bring down, teammates began calling him Zook, after Larry Csonka, and the nickname has stuck.

"Football did get me used to playing before large crowds and hearing boos," he says. The Cubs believe football also made him tough, motivated, competitive—a gamer.

Atlanta Pitcher Bob Walk is the last to dispute that description. "Earlier this year we were ahead by 10 runs, so I thought I'd see what he could do with my fastball," says Walk. "I'll never throw him one again."

You might say he zonked it.

THE WEEK

(May 10-14)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Fernando Valenzuela of Los Angeles (1-6) came to the rescue by ending a four-game Dodger slide with a 6-1 win over the Mets. Earlier, a base-running blunder with the bases loaded and two out in the seventh contributed to a 9-3 loss in Philadelphia. Phillie Catcher Bo Diaz dropped a third strike to Ken Landreaux, who beat the throw to first. Bill Russell, who was on third, belatedly headed home during the confusing play, but was thrown out when First Baseman Pete Rose pegged the ball back to Diaz.

Don Sutton of Houston (3-3) improved his record to 6-1 by defeating Pittsburgh 7-3 and Chicago 4-1. Cincinnati (3-3) escaped the basement with the help of Tom Hume's two

saves. But Greg Minton's pair of saves could not keep San Francisco (2-5) from dropping into the cellar.

Buff Pomeroy's first homer since 1980 propelled the Braves (3-3) past the Reds 2-1 and helped Atlanta stay in front of second-place San Diego (2-4), whose manager, Dick Williams, complained, "Suddenly, we can't execute or get our signs straight, and our bullpen has done an about-face." But Williams found no fault with sinkerballer Chris Welsh, who got 20 outs on grounders, pitched a four-hitter and drove in two runs while beating Montreal 6-2. A seven-run ninth then rallied the Padres past the Expos 8-2.

ATL 23-12 SD 18-15 LA 17-19
CIN 15-19 HOU 15-21 SF 15-21

NL EAST On May 1, the Phillies (7-0) were 6-14 and dead last. Since then they have won 13 of 14 games and have moved up to second place. Two nights in a row the Phils held off the Dodgers 9-8, winning the first game in the 10th when Greg Gross walked, stole second and scored on a single by Pete Rose, who hit .406. Rookie Bob Dernier stole his 18th base in a row before being caught and had seven sweeps for the week. Dernier also slammed his first two home runs and contributed to Philadelphia's 314 batting spree by hitting .440. Bo Diaz, who had hit only 12 homers in his five previous big league seasons, slugged Nos. 7 and 8 of the year. There was also some dandy pitching. Dick Ruthven and Mike Krukow beat the Giants 8-1 and 6-1, respectively. Steve Carlton shut them out 2-0 on two hits. And Ron Reed, in his first start since 1977, went seven innings, drove in two runs and defeated Los Angeles 11-3.

New York (5-1) also surged. Bob Bailor's two-out, two-run pinch double in the ninth joined the Padres 3-2. Charlie Puleo beat San Diego 6-0 with the help of Dave Kingman's 12th homer and four RBIs. Four RBIs by Hubie Brooks ripped Los Angeles 4-2. And on Sunday the Mets scored nine runs in the sixth inning and clobbered the Dodgers 13-4. Brooks had three hits in that laughter and Bailor had two as he brought his average up to .368, second best in the league.

First-place St. Louis (3-3) and Pittsburgh (2-0) both won a pair of slugging and lost key players. The Cardinals outlasted the Braves 10-9 and then two days later scored four times in the top of the 10th in Atlanta for a seemingly safe lead. But Manager Whitey Herzog had to call on his eighth pitcher of the day—starter Bob Forsch—to nail down a 7-6 triumph. Darrell Porter, though, was sidelined by a broken right index finger. Dave Parker of the Pirates was also injured, with a sprained right wrist. Not even a 5-0 deficit against Tom Seaver of the Reds could deter the Bucs once they got their attack going. They won that game 8-7 when Lee Lacy hit

continued



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what should have been a grand slam but wound up being a three-run single after he passed a teammate on the bases. The next day Johnny Ray had five RBIs and winning pitcher Rick Rhoden doubled and homered during a nine-run third inning that took care of Cincinnati 12-9.

Tim Lincecum of the Expos (3-4) doubled in the decisive run in the eighth to knock off the Giants 5-4. For the week, Lincecum hit .448 and raised his average to .350.

The Cubs (4-2) were still lost, but they became the first major team in any pro sport to attain 8,000 victories. Chicago, which is in its 107th season, attained that milestone when Allen Ripley and Lee Smith combined to shut down Houston 5-0.

ALL 22-14 PHIL 19-15 NY 19-16
MONT 15-17 PIT 14-18 CHI 15-20

AL EAST Why were two managers —Sparky Anderson of the Tigers (5-0) and Billy Gardner of the Twins—arguing with ump at the same time? And why, a few innings later, was Detroit's Dave Rozema inelegantly flying through the air as he tried to give Minnesota's John Castino a two-footed lung fu-style kick? Well, Anderson was grouching because he was sure the Tigers hadn't missed a forfeit at second on the front end of what he felt should have been a double play. Meanwhile, Gardner was claiming that Detroit had also missed getting the out at first. Gardner was ejected, as was Coach Jim Lemon later, after he took Gardner's place and argued too vehemently about another play. Then the Tigers became incensed by what they believed were a number of beanballs, the last of which touched off a lengthy 11th-inning brawl. During the melee Rozema raced toward Castino, leaped, grazed him with his kick and fell backward. Castino was unhurt, but the next day Rozema underwent a five-hour operation to repair torn ligaments in his left knee. Minutes after the fracas, Kirk Gibson beat the Twins 4-2 with his fifth hit of the night, a two-run upper-deck shot. Lance Parrish did in Minnesota 5-4 the following day when he homered in the 10th. Newly acquired Mike Irie drove in two runs in each of two earlier victories as Detroit stepped up its pursuit of division-leading Boston (page 62).

Rozema wasn't the only one hurt in a fairly novel way. Pete Vackovich of Milwaukee missed a pitching start after spraining his ankle while walking down a hill behind Royals Stadium in K.C. Elsewhere, it was thumb down. Cleveland's John Denny bruised the thumb on his pitching hand when he shoved a cabinet after being yanked from a game. And Rick Cerone became the third Yankee this year to break a thumb. (The others were Gray Nettles and Jerry Humphrey.)

Alan Bannister of the Indians (2-5) walked in the 14th, stole second and came home on a

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to an SI poll of managers and coaches, these shortstops have the widest fielding range:

- AMERICAN LEAGUE**
1. Rick Burleson, California*
 2. Alan Trammell, Detroit
 3. Robin Yount, Milwaukee
 4. U.L. Washington, Kansas City
 5. Todd Cruz, Seattle
- NATIONAL LEAGUE**
1. Garry Templeton, San Diego
 2. Ozzie Smith, St. Louis
 3. Dave Concepcion, Cincinnati
 4. Ivan DeJesus, Philadelphia
 5. Larry Bowa, Chicago

*Injured, out for season

single by Von Hayes to knock off the Mariners 5-4. Andre Thornton was tied with Minnesota's Kent Hrbek for the league lead in homers (10) and for the RBI lead (33) with Hal McRae of Kansas City. Goose Gosage chalked up three saves for the Yankees (4-3).

Baltimore (4-3) lost three one-run games. But three strong pitching performances and John Lowenstein's 10-for-17 hitting (.588) prevented a complete collapse. Scott McGregor beat Oakland 7-1, Dennis Martinez defeated Seattle 3-1 on five hits, and Jim Palmer got his first save since 1975 when he tossed four hitless innings of relief to sew up an 11-4 triumph over the Mariners.

Errors. The Brewers (2-5) committed 12 of them, the Blue Jays (2-5) 10. Two homers by Milwaukee's Gorman Thomas carried Jim Slaton past Chicago 2-1, but three fingers by Paul Molitor couldn't avert a 9-7 loss in Kansas City. Jim Clancy of Toronto won (5-8). After he and two relievers left 13 Chicago runners stranded during a 9-4 victory, Clancy won 5-2 in Texas, where he pitched a four-hitter and struck out nine Rangers. Berry Bonnell, who went 5 for 7 in Clancy's wins, batted .555, to give him a major league-leading .440 average.

ROS 23-12 DET 21-12 MIL 18-15 NY 15-18
CLEV 14-19 BAL 14-19 TOR 14-20

AL WEST Amos Ous of Kansas City (5-1) really poled one when he homered in the ninth to defeat Milwaukee 3-2. Ous, whose blast struck a flagpole beyond the left-centerfield fence at Royals Stadium, was only one of many lusty K.C. hitters: the Royals' .372 mix raised their average to .296, tops in the majors. Willie Wilson, who missed 25 games because of a pulled hamstring, had seven RBIs and batted .423, and Hal McRae drove across 11 runs and hit .458 for the week. Dennis Leonard and Dan Quisenberry teamed up

on Sunday to shut out the Red Sox 5-0.

When it's Lamar Hoyt's turn to pitch, the White Sox (4-3) unlimber their lumber and opposing batters slumber. Hoyt's 13-2 victory over Milwaukee left him with a 1.43 ERA, a 7-0 record, 12 straight wins spanning two seasons and a 14-0 three-year at-home mark. In Hoyt's four starts since he joined the White Sox rotation, the offense has scored 42 runs.

There's no other lead-off man built like the Angels' Brian Downing, whose extensive weightlifting has given him blacksmith's arms and earned him the nickname The Incredible Hulk. A single by Downing in the eighth inning enabled Geoff Zahn to defeat New York 2-1, and his three hits led to a 5-2 triumph over Cleveland. Two saves by Doug Corbett also helped California (5-2) take sole possession of first place. Ken Forsch kept the Angels there when he shut out the Indians 3-0 on Sunday.

Despite slugging 10 home runs, Minnesota (1-6) continued to lose. Not even four homers on Sunday could knock out the Tigers, who hit four of their own and sent the Twins down to their 14th loss in 16 games, 7-6.

The A's (4-3) are last in the majors with a .232 batting average, but Oakland hitters twice came through in the clutch. Ricky Henderson's RBI hit in the 10th beat Baltimore 7-6, and two-run singles in the eighth by Cliff Johnson and Dan Meyer did in the Orioles 5-4.

Julio Cruz of Seattle (2-5) singled in the ninth to defeat Baltimore 3-2 and Al Cowens batted .400, but two other productive hitters were injured. Jim Essian, whose four RBIs beat Cleveland 6-4, suffered a broken ankle.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GARY MATTHEWS: The Philadelphia infielder batted .520, drove across 11 runs, scored seven times and walked off his second, third and fourth round-trippers of the year as the Phils won seven straight.

And Richie Zisk gashed a finger while repairing a porcelain piggy bank belonging to his son, Danny.

For the first time in almost a month, the Rangers (3-2) won back-to-back games. It wasn't easy. It took six Toronto errors—three in the last of the ninth—to make Texas a 4-3 winner. The next day, Doug Flynn, who hadn't batted in nine days because of a bum shoulder, singled in the ninth to tie the score and hit a sacrifice fly in the 11th to again beat the Blue Jays 4-3. The Rangers made it three out of four against the Jays on Sunday, winning 2-1 in 10 innings as rookie George Wright drove in both runs.

CAL 24-13 CHI 21-12 KC 19-14 OAK 20-17
SEA 16-22 TEX 10-20 MINN 11-27

This coach is bleeping good

Profane Hubie Brown came over clean and sweet on basketball telecasts

by Alexander Wolff

Hubie Brown drew a slew of technicals, rushed refs, berated players and cursed out management during his seven seasons as a pro basketball coach. He was probably the most indecent decent coach to win an ABA championship and an NBA Coach of the Year award, and he'll resume that career this week if he signs with the New York Knicks. Knowledgeable? No question. A communicator? He has added a new dimension to the word. Nevertheless, anyone who was within earshot while he coached the Kentucky Colonels or the Atlanta Hawks might be pardoned for flinching at the thought of Hubie Brown as a TV color commentator.

But in a sport so fast-paced that it's hard to get an analytical word in edgewise, Brown's work for CBS and the cable USA Network this season has been startling—though not for anything that has slipped out over the air. "His reputation is something he's very sensitive about," says Jim Zinke, USA's executive producer for sports, who hired Brown after the Hawks fired him at the end of last season. "But I was never worried about that. Hubie is an absolute professional who's in control of himself at all times."

Brown's commentary has shown the stereotype of the NBA as an agglomeration of freestyling players and feckless coaches to be inaccurate. In fact, if there's a gripe about him, it's that he's too technical. "He knows so much and wants to share it with the viewer," says Jim Harrington, the executive producer of CBS's NBA telecasts. "In the first few games, he used terminology we didn't think many people would understand. We had Frank [Glieber, Brown's CBS sidekick] lad him about it and ask him exactly what he meant."

Brown still uses some idiosyncratic terms—"low hole" for low post, "rub

off" for pick, "defensive rotation" for the movement of players toward the ball to help out on defense. But none of them is really obscure. And last week when he spoke of Philadelphia's Maurice Cheeks's "leveling off" Tiny Archibald as Archibald "broke the circle" in Game 2 of the Sixers-Celtics playoff series on USA, he provided a truly vivid description of someone getting back on defense just in time to stop a fast break. Brown deserves the license to use his own jargon.

"He does get technical," says Al Albert, his regular partner on USA broadcasts. "But on cable you're dealing with a knowledgeable sports audience, and that's great. Hubie likes to point out how football telecasts are all so technical and how people love to hear how scientific that game really is. Why can't basketball analysis be done in the same way?"

For Brown, who first did color work

last fall as a guest analyst on one of Mutual's Atlanta Falcons radio broadcasts, learning to be brief has been difficult. "You have five to eight seconds to capture a play, be logical and leave a thought," he says. "Plus, they'd like you to have a sense of humor." He still phones an old friend in Charleston, S.C., a college administrator named Fred Daniels, the morning after every one of his telecasts, to hear Daniels' critique of his performance.

Though Harrington last week left open the possibility that Brown would be used as a pregame or halftime commentator during the rest of CBS's playoff coverage, Brown's work as a game analyst is over for this season. That's despite the network's rumored dissatisfaction with Bill Russell, its main color commentator. Russell speaks more haltingly than ever, and his attempts at folksiness have worn thin. Worst of all, he seems able to analyze only by the rhythm method. A team playing well is "in its rhythm"; a team in a slump, "out of its rhythm." You win by "finding your rhythm," lose by "disrupting your rhythm."



Fazio as he is at the mike, Brown misses coaching—a situation the Knicks may remedy.

For contrast, listen to Brown comment on rhythm during the first Los Angeles-San Antonio playoff game on May 9. Spurs playmaker Johnny Moore has just missed a couple of shots during an up-tempo stretch in the second half, when Brown says, "The Spurs have to get points from their three main people, according to their game plan. When the game gets fast and furious, the wrong people shoot the ball." He has explained why rhythm is important.

Teaching is familiar to Brown, 48, who has a master's in education from Niagara University and a national reputation as a speaker at coaching clinics. His first work for USA came last fall, when he hosted 13 segments of a weekly half-hour instructional series on basketball for *Scholastic Sports Academy*, an award-winning children's show. Each segment dealt with a facet of the game and featured footage from NBA games, guest pros and chalk talks. "Hubie could teach math to children if he wanted to," says Peggy Charren, chairwoman of Action for Children's Television, a nonprofit group that two weeks ago honored *Scholastic Sports Academy* with its award for Achievement in Children's Television. "The show takes children seriously. It treats them as human beings."

No matter that its host has been accused of treating grown-ups as something less than human. "Hubie Brown is a government-in-exile, like George Allen in football," says Bob Ryan, the Boston Globe's veteran pro basketball writer. "But Allen coddles players. Hubie kicks butts. He's the last of the Hamiltonians."

Hamiltonians?

"As opposed to Jeffersonians," Ryan says. "He assumes you're a dog until you prove otherwise."

Speaking of Hamilton, about 22,500 \$10 bills per year will be Brown's when he takes over the Knicks. And, speaking of dogs, \$225,000 may not be a fair wage for supervising the kennel that the Knicks have become. Hamiltonian or Jeffersonian, Brown is one of the bounding fathers. He's sure to be on the tail that, after going 33-49 this season, ought to be between each Knick's legs.

One thing eating at Brown is that he has been a fired coach for the last year. "People tell me I could have it comfortable just doing the clinics and the TV," he says. "But I know it's not the thing I do best." That thing, of course, is one letter longer than a four-letter word. **END**

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Phillips' strength powered him past Foster (left) in the 200 and McTear in the 100.

by Craig Neff

Windmills on their minds

Venerable records looked less "untouchable" after the UCLA Invitational

Willie Banks, a second-year UCLA law student, had in the previous week taken final exams in civil rights and constitutional law and had begun studying for two upcoming tests in constitutional law clauses and wills and trusts. "I've been sitting down all week," he said wearily before Sunday's UCLA/Pepsi Invitational in Los Angeles. He obviously needed a study break. So Banks—more widely recognized as the American-record holder (57' 7½") in the triple jump than as a budding lawyer—went out to the Drake Stadium jumping runway, revved up the crowd of 11,131 with his waves and claps and, on his very first attempt, hop-step-sailed an impressive, although wind-aided, 56' 6". He bounded

from the pit with fists held high, eager for another try. "So sweet," he said, slipping a few high-fives. "I'm onto it. Oh, it looks sweet."

Sweet early-season performances were the order of the day at UCLA, though perhaps less so than in recent years. "So far this season it's been that way," said hurdler Greg Foster. "Not so much great times as, well, good times." Yet while the outdoor season has started slowly, Sunday's meet opened with not only Banks' outstanding jumps but also with the second-longest javelin throw ever by an American, a 302-foot toss by Bob Roggy that fell only 5½ feet short of his month-old U.S. record. In eight of the 29 events athletes would turn in the

world's best performances of the outdoor season, and in one, the long jump, University of Houston junior Carl Lewis would put together what could be called the best sequence ever in the event. And even as Banks joyously awarded his second jump, America's latest sprint star, the massive Jeff Phillips, was kneeling into the starting blocks, about to strut his stuff in the 100.

The 6' 2", 208-pound Phillips first attracted attention while competing for Tennessee at last June's NCAA meet in Baton Rouge. There he ran 10.11 in a 100-meter semifinal and a wind-aided 10.00 in the final to place second, .01 behind Lewis. Two weeks after that Phillips won the national 200 title at the TAC championships in Sacramento, and at year's end he was ranked fifth in the world at that distance and sixth at 100 meters. Unfortunately, what drew as much notice as his clockings was the fact that, despite his blondish mustache and green eyes, Phillips wasn't a Great White Hope in the dashes. His mother, a restaurant supervisor back home in Columbus, Ohio, is white but his father, a retired building-maintenance worker, is black. "I consider myself black," said Phillips on Sunday. "I also hope I'm established enough now that I won't have to be asked about it all the time."

Over the winter, Phillips, now a physics graduate assistant and assistant men's track coach at Tennessee, concentrated on two nagging problems: a tendency to duck his head too low when coming out of the blocks and chronic tightness in his muscular hips and buttocks. For both flexibility and relaxation he has taken up yoga, studying under Mike Miller, a doctoral candidate in ecology at Tennessee. Not the Vols' Wide Receiver Mike Miller, but, says Phillips, "the 39-year-old Mike Miller. The guy that stretches. We call him Mr. Rubber Man."

Phillips pulled away from Houston McTear in the final 20 meters of Sunday's 100 and hit the tape in 10.20 to win by two meters. "He runs pretty good for his size," said the 5' 8", 160-pound

McTear, now 25 and, after several years of semi-retirement, making a comeback with something called the Banana Bread Track Club. ("Good bread, man," he says.) Left in Phillips' wake, too, were Mel Lantany, the world's No. 2-rated 100 man in 1981. "I felt real strong," said Phillips, whose physique seemingly leaves him no other choice.

An hour later Phillips was back on the track to prove the point. Of his exceptional late-race power, he says. "It's like there's somebody in the middle of the track pushing me. It's like an extra gear." And so it was that he drove ahead of a clustered 200 field in the final 80 meters, accelerating so quickly as he overtook Nigerian Olympian Innocent Ugboinke and former NCAA champ Foster that the crowd actually gasped. His winning time was 20.32—Foster was second in 20.61. "I was only worried about Foster," said Phillips. "I'd never even seen him in a 200." "That race seemed longer than what I remembered," said Foster after his first 200 in nearly two years. (Later he easily won his specialty, the 110-meter

hurdles, in a wind-aided 13.25.) Said Lewis. "That's Jeff's kind of race: Just pick them off, one by one. He's so powerful, so consistent." And, on Sunday, so happy. "Everything's gone just great," he said. "Today is even my 25th birthday. I think I'll go have a good steak."

Banks, meanwhile, was busy showing the fans a good time. After fouling on his second jump, he leaped a 1982 world best of 56' 11½", and then went 55' 6¼", 55' 10½" and 55', an excellent series even for the peak of the track season, to say nothing about the peak of the exam season. Consider that last year no other American triple-jumper surpassed 56' 4" and that only three others went beyond 55' 3¼". Throughout the afternoon, too, Banks was so effective a cheerleader that spectators fell into rhythmic clapping for everyone from long-jumpers to two-milers. Banks even had McTear talking about a possible change of events. "I'm thinking of consulting Mr. Banks on the jumping techniques," said McTear. "I believe he might be able to do something for me."

Lewis had already done something for himself last weekend before arriving in Los Angeles. At the California Relays on Saturday in Modesto, he had run the 100 meters in 10.00 to equal both his lifetime best and the fastest 100 ever at sea level. "I was shocked," he said. "Well, not shocked, I'm never shocked at my performances anymore, but I was surprised. I didn't react as well as I should have at the start. I thought it would be 10-oh-something." Lewis had been training mainly for the long jump in recent weeks, and the only sign he'd shown of increased running speed had been the need to lengthen his jumping approach from 147 feet and 21 strides to 163 feet and 23 strides.

Lewis had decided to pass up the sprints at UCLA—he's thinking about running the 100 and the 200 and long-jumping in the 1984 Olympics—so he could concentrate on his jumping. This would be his first outdoor meet using his lengthened approach. But after his first effort, a foul, Lewis was having doubts. "Ooooh. I'm doing bad today," he said, shaking his head as he walked back to the head of the runway. Instead of jumping, perhaps he should have gone after Jim

Hanes's 100-meter world record of 9.95, set at the 1968 Mexico City Olympics, while his sprint technique was obviously sharp.

Perhaps not. On his second attempt, Lewis abruptly ended his bad day. With a tailwind of only 0.5 meters per second, safely under the legal limit of 2.0 mps, he scored 28' 3" before kicking up a cloud of sand near the far right corner of the pit. He came up nodding his head, as if to say yes, that's better. It had merely been the third-longest jump in history, behind Bob Beamon's 29' 2½" world record and a mere half-inch behind Lewis' own 28' 3½" at last June's TAC meet. Lewis was satisfied with his new run-up, but found fault with his technique after take-off. He couldn't understand why he had sailed to the right. "A mystery," he would call it. Yet even though he veered off on the same heading on his next two jumps, they earned him 27' 8¼" and 28' 3" again. No one had ever jumped 28 feet twice in one day. "I want to make 28 a typical day," Lewis said, and, indeed, over his fourth, fifth and six leaps, Lewis had averaged more than 28 feet.

After fouling on his fifth attempt, Lewis prepared for his sixth and final try. He has gained six pounds on his 6' 2" frame in the last year—"all strength," he says—and 25 since going to Houston as a 150-pound freshman, he no longer appears so fragile and light-stepping on his run-up. Now he charges down the runway, arms churning powerfully.

On his last jump Lewis barreled down the right side of the runway. He again drifted to the right, but he also soared so far that he skinned his knee on the back wall of the pit upon landing. At once a roar went up from the crowd—as did a red flag in the hand of an official standing by the takeoff board. Lewis had fouled by less than an inch. A moment later came the stunning P.A. announcement: "The approximation on Carl Lewis' last jump is 28 feet, 10 inches." That was achieved with a negligible following wind. "Today proved that wind isn't an important factor, but, more important, altitude isn't either," said Lewis, referring to his pursuit of Beamon's high-altitude, "untouchable" record set in Mexico City in 1968. As Banks might say, the case has been made: Lewis' pursuit of the 100 and long-jump records—two of the oldest in track and field—can no longer be called quixotic.

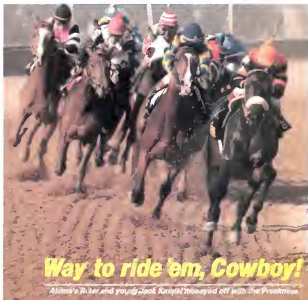
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Lewis was having trouble staying on the proper flight path, but still leaped 28' 3".

HORSE RACING

by William Leggett



Way to ride 'em, Cowboy!

Aloma's Ruler and young Jack Knott moved off with the Preakness

The Preakness, as a lot of horseplayers are aware, is now 107 years old. Less well known is the fact that the Withers Stakes is also a ripe old 107. The Withers, a mile race for 3-year-olds, generally has been overlooked for all those years because it's run just a week before the Preakness. Rarely will a colt compete in the Withers and then ship to Pimlico for the middle leg of the Triple Crown. The Withers is "too close" to the Preakness for most horses, and so until last Saturday afternoon the only horse in memory to successfully use the Withers as a stepping-stone to victory in the Preakness was Native Dancer, in 1953. Aloma's Ruler can now be added.

On May 8, Aloma's Ruler fought Spanish Drums down the length of the Aqueduct stretch and won the Withers by a desperate neck in a race that should have sapped the winner's strength and

knocked him out of even starting in the Preakness. But run he did, holding off Linkage, the 1-2 favorite, to win the 1 1/4-mile classic by half a length. It was the third race in 17 days for this hardy colt—he had also finished second in an allowance race at Pimlico on April 29—and the victory made him one of the favorites for the June 5 Belmont Stakes.

Aloma's Ruler was anything but the favorite in the Withers, in which he went off at 7-1, and he was listed at nearly the same odds in the Preakness. Why? Simple. He was the forgotten horse of the winter. A wrenched left front ankle had sidelined the Florida-bred colt for three months shortly after his impressive triumph in the Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah on Jan. 27. At the time of his injury, Aloma's Ruler stood near the head of the 3-year-old class, but a horse that doesn't run in February or March and doesn't re-

Coming off the turn for home, Aloma's Ruler is in front, a spot he'd held from the start.

appear at the track until the last days of April is rarely considered a classic contender. Out of sight, out of mind.

But with his Preakness win, Aloma's Ruler is very much back in view. He has an excellent record—six wins in eight starts, plus two second-place finishes—and will make the mile-and-a-half Belmont an even more interesting race, because nobody has the vaguest idea how far the colt can run. One thing's for sure, though: Aloma's Ruler proved in the Preakness that he's a tough dude.

Seven horses faced the starter at Pimlico, with Aloma's Ruler in the outside post position. When the gate opened, Aloma's Ruler veered sharply to his right, as if he were looking for a box seat. But within a few jumps he was straightened out and was gunned into the lead by 16-year-old jockey Jack Kaenel, and the colt ran bravely on that lead. No other horse really challenged him, though he was moving along rather sedately. "A half mile in 48," said Kaenel, who had artfully backed the pace up. "I never thought I could get away with that." Aloma's Ruler went through six furlongs in 1:12 and was 1 1/2 lengths in front entering the stretch. He then held off Linkage, with 50-year-old Bill Shoemaker aboard, in the long drive through the lane. The winner's time of 1:55 1/2 wasn't spectacular, but Linkage wasn't about to catch Aloma's Ruler. Cut Away, the third-place finisher, was 7 1/4 lengths back.

This year's Preakness didn't have much box office dynamite, mainly because the Kentucky Derby winner, Gato del Sol, skipped the race to await the Belmont. It was the first time a Derby winner had failed to run in the Preakness since 1959. Actually, of the 19 Derby starters, only four ran in the Preakness, and they finished in the last four places: Bold Style, fourth; Laser Light, fifth; Reinvested, sixth; Water Bank, seventh.

One other Derby horse was supposed to start at Pimlico—the quick filly, Cupe-

continued



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Linkage (center), Shoemaker up, tried gamely to catch front-running Aloma's Ruler in the stretch, but came up half a length short.

HORSE RACING continued

coy's Joy, who had run in front for a mile of the Derby but finished 10th. She had been entered in the Preakness, at a cost of \$2,500, but her co-owner, Robert Perez, apparently miffed because his request for 30 reserved seats wasn't acted upon quickly enough, scratched the filly, which probably had a profound effect on how this Preakness was run.

With the speedy Cupecoy's Joy out of the race, the strategy for Aloma's Ruler was changed. He could now seize the lead and try to control the race. John (Butch) Lenzi and the colt's 35-year-old trainer, gave jockey Kaenel specific instructions. "Break good," Lenzi said, "and find the wood [rail]." After the zig-zag start, Kaenel followed that directive perfectly.

Around the time of the 1981 Preakness, Kaenel was the toast of Maryland racing. He was tied for leading rider at Pimlico, with 37 winners in 170 mounts, for an admirable winning percentage of .22. Because Kaenel wore a cowboy hat wherever he went, he was known as Cowboy Jack. But he was also a kid in trouble. On May 6, 1981, Betty Cuniberti of the now defunct Washington Star reported that Kaenel was only 15 years old, not 16, the legal age for a jockey to get a license. His records had been altered to make him eligible. Kaenel admitted the deception, and the stewards at Pimlico suspended him. He returned to racing at the Timonium meeting and rode three winners on his first day back, July 27, 1981, his 16th birthday.

Until the Withers, Kaenel had

never been on Aloma's Ruler, and he got that ride only because the colt's regular jockey, Angel Cordero Jr., was committed to ride Shumatore, the Withers favorite. Lenzi and Aloma's Ruler's owner, Nathan Scherr, a Baltimore contractor, felt Kaenel's performance in the Withers was good enough to let him ride the horse in Maryland's biggest race.

But Kaenel—who would become the youngest jockey to ride in the Preakness, much less win it—almost blew his big chance when, four days before the race, he was involved in an auto accident on his way to the racetrack. Once again, however, the kid's luck held. "Usually when I get in my car," Kaenel said, "I'm wearing my cowboy hat. For some reason I put on my riding helmet that day. I

was just lucky, no other word for it. The car was totaled, but the helmet saved me." When Kaenel went to the first-aid station at Pimlico, he was treated for a slight concussion and allowed to walk around, though he had to cancel his mounts for the day. His agent, Bill Vuotto, was fined \$50 for "using abusive language and being disrespectful to the nurse and attending physician."

Although he cost his owner a hefty \$95,680, Aloma's Ruler now looks like a bargain basement buy because the Preakness win makes the colt by Iron Ruler from Aloma worth at least \$2 million. In 1981 Scherr had originally decided to spend \$50,000 to buy two horses at a sale of 2-year-olds in training at Hialeah. Lenzi and Kaenel looked at many horses and, he

says, "fell in love with Aloma's Ruler. I thought I might be able to get the colt for \$50,000—maybe \$60,000 tops." Then Scherr saw Aloma's Ruler, and he, too, fell in love. "When the bidding got to \$60,000," Scherr says, "Butch turned and started to walk away. I said, 'Butch, wait a minute here.' I got the horse for \$92,000. The tax on the sale cost me another \$3,680. Heck, the tax was more than I've paid for some horses."

Scherr, a former football and lacrosse player at Cornell, has had a Preakness horse before. In 1978 he started a horse named Dax S. in the race that starred Affirmed and Alydar. Dax S. was beaten by 24 lengths and later claimed for \$16,500.

"I guess Dax S. just didn't belong," Scherr says. "But Aloma's Ruler belonged in the Preakness, didn't he?"

Absolutely.

END

Howdy, podner. Nice day for a Preakness Stakes.



MERRILY SHE ROLLS



ALONG

Having rebuilt her life and her game, Martina Navratilova is playing the finest tennis of her sometimes turbulent career

BY SARAH PILEGGI



CONTINUED



NAVRATILOVA continued

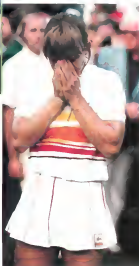
Like Kareem, Reggie, Billie Jean, O.J., Arnie and Pelé, Martina has outlived the need for a surname, which is just as well, because few athletes have suffered such indignities of mispronunciation as she. In spite of almost a decade of practice, tennis umpires on both sides of the Atlantic still have trouble wrapping their tongues around... N-at-ti-lo-va... N-at-ti-lo-va... N-at-ti-lo-va... Ahh, now you've got it.

But Martina's singularity only begins with her name. She doesn't look like anybody else. Her hooded and slightly melancholy hazel eyes, the flat planes of her face, her straight, baby-line hair and the extraordinary definition of the muscles of her arms and legs fit no known mold. She doesn't behave like anyone else. At one time or another she overindulged, with the joyous abandon of the newly rich, in almost everything a capitalist society has to offer, and her not-so-private

life has now and then been the talk if not the toast of several continents. She didn't want her life off the court scrutinized, but it happened.

And, when Martina is at her best, she doesn't play like anyone else. She is sublimely gifted in strength, athleticism and talent for tennis. The top of her game beats the top of everybody else's. But She has the temperament of an operatic diva of the old school. Not since Suzanne Lenglen has such an extravagant person-

After getting a standing ovation at the U.S. Open for beating Evert Lloyd, Martina wept when she lost the final—but got another O.



ality occupied the center court of women's tennis. Martina is at once warm, generous, passionate, impulsive, paranoid, arrogant, sentimental and naive. At times her mercurial nature inspires her play; at others it gets in the way. Ted Tinling, the majordomo of the women's game, once told *World Tennis*, "She is the greatest serve-and-volleyer women's tennis has ever seen. She has fantastic concept, unbelievable imagination." But "She has that dramatic Slav temperament that re-

quires the stimulus of a crisis.... She's always going to have the storm; she's always going to underassess her opponent and underassess her own ability to handle it when the storm hits. I've always said she goes from arrogance to panic with nothing in between."

The most recent instance of Martina's special brand of panic occurred in the final of the Avon Championships at Madison Square Garden in March. Having won all five of the Avon tournaments she had entered in 1982, and with a 27-match winning streak going, she played a breathtaking first set against West Germany's Sylvia Hanika at the Garden. Martina won the set 6-1, and at the press table during the changeover, memories were ransacked for instances of composable perfection. The next day *The New York Times* said she had played "an almost flawless 23-minute first set that resembled John McEnroe attacking Bjorn Borg's baseline topspin game."

In the opening game of the second set, Martina broke Hanika's serve again, and at 3-1 it looked as though the match might be one of the shortest in tennis history. Then Hanika, on the brink of losing her serve again, hit a lucky let-cord volley at deuce and a backhand passing shot down the line for the game, and the tenor of the match changed. As Martina's confidence began to wither, Hanika's grew. She started hitting out with assurance and won the next four games and the set. In the third set, while serving at 4-4, Martina hit an easy forehand volley into the bottom of the net at 0-15, struck a forehand approach nearly into the seats at 15-30 and netted a routine forehand cross-court passing shot at 30-40. Hanika served out the match at love.

Immediately a chorus of a thousand voices, most of them sportswriters', revived that familiar refrain: Martina Loses the Big Ones. They recalled the final of the Toyota Championships in December, when she had won eight straight games to take a 6-2, 2-0 lead and then lost the match 2-6, 6-4, 6-2 and probably the No. 1 ranking for 1981 as well. They remembered last year's U.S. Open title match against Austin, in which Martina had won the first set 6-1 and then, at 4-4 in the second, at break point, damped a shoulder-high forehand volley into the net and eventually lost 1-6, 7-6, 7-6. Of course, if Martina had beaten Hanika that day in New York, the same chorus



would have broken into its other favorite: Martina. Always Wins Indoors. The chorus always has the last word.

Two weeks after the shocker at the Garden, Martina came back and won the Family Circle Cup at Hilton Head on clay, a surface that is said to be inimical to her aggressive style of play. Martina was seeded to meet Chris Evert Lloyd, the greatest clay-court player of them all, in the finals, but a patient Andrea Jaeger defeated Evert Lloyd in the semifinals. Martina beat Jaeger decisively. The next day Martina read that the Family Circle was the first clay-court tournament she had won in two years. She pointed out that because she had played only four events on that surface during the span, the record wasn't so bad. But by then the chorus had gone home. Her next opportunity to catch its attention will come on the red clay at the French Open beginning next week, the tournament she has been focusing on since the conclusion of the indoor season.

Three weeks ago Martina took over the No. 1 ranking in women's tennis from Evert Lloyd, who, along with Austin, has been her primary rival for the top spot the last three years. Regardless of their inner turmoil under competitive stress, Evert Lloyd and Austin rarely display any emotion on court, and they almost never give away a match. Concentration is their gift, consistency is their greatest weapon, attrition is their overriding strategy. A temperament such as Martina's can be a wellspring of brilliance that brings tennis fans to their feet cheering, but, unharnessed, and with Evert Lloyd or Austin across the net, it's about as helpful as a clubfoot.

While Evert Lloyd, at age 27, has won 12 Grand Slam singles titles, Martina, at 25, has won but three—Wimbledon in 1978 and 1979 and the Australian Open just last December. She was ranked No. 1 off and on from 1978 through 1980 and has been no lower than third for six of the last seven years. She has won more money in a single year (\$865,437 in 1981) than any woman who has ever played the game. She is second only to Evert Lloyd in career earnings (\$3,847,752 to \$3,808,904). She has been virtually invincible on the indoor circuit the past four

continued

Last year U.S. Open fans also saw the muscles that make Martina the strongest woman in tennis

years. She is easily the best doubles player around today. Yet her chapter in the history of tennis isn't as memorable as her gifts indicate it should be.

"You see, it always comes easy," she says, somewhat hesitantly, as if she were discussing a jinx. "I waited for it. But when I look back to '78 . . . if I'd worked

as hard back then as I do now. . . . But at least I know I still have plenty of time. It's not like I'm 30. I'm still ahead of where Billie Jean was at this stage, and she had a pretty great career."

Actually, by her 25th year Billie Jean had won not only two Wimbledons and an Australian Open but the first of her

four U.S. championships as well. However, Martina's argument is still valid. Billie Jean was only warming up at 25. Her best years and seven more Grand Slam singles championships were still to come. If Martina's best years do lie ahead, we are in for a treat. "It's possible that if she ever got the mental part together, she could be unbeatable," says Evert Lloyd. "If she does, I hope I'm not around."

But 25 is mid-life for a tennis player, and Martina has no more time to waste. She has created her crisis. The storm has hit. It is now or never.

It is an early spring day in Dallas. The trees are in first leaf, and the air is warm, soft and a little muggy. Martina and Nancy Lieberman, the out-of-work basketball player who is her friend, trainer, roommate and full-time cheerleader for the past year, are driving north on Interstate 75. They're heading for a shopping center where Lieberman is to spend an hour in a B. Dalton store autographing copies of her new book, *Basketball My Way*. The two are riding in Martina's silver Mercedes 450 SL with the top down. Lieberman at the wheel, her red hair and spirits flying. A station wagon pulls alongside, and two little yellow-haired girls lean out a window and shriek, "Hi, Martina!" Martina smiles and waves, al-

continued

Martina may have dugged it with K.D., Ruby and Tets, but not at the "Superstars." She and Lieberman (left) finished second and third, respectively.



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NAVRATILOVA *continued*

though unenthusiastically. She's telling a story, and one of the drawbacks of being famous, she has found, is that one can't tell a story without being interrupted. She's in the process, she says, of trying to sell her Jeep, and the story has to do with why she owns a Jeep in the first place. She has to shout over the rush of the wind to be heard. "I bought it when I bought my condo in Palm Springs," says Martina. "I got it to ride around in the sand dunes. When I bought the condo, nothing was around it but sand. Then they built another golf course."

Nancy interrupts. "Tell the truth, Martina," she says, inserting the needle. Then, without a pause, Lieberman continues. "This is the truth. When Martina started earning a living and defected to America she said, 'I'm gonna buy one of everything.' And that's exactly what she did. When she moved to my house in Dallas last year and I started unpacking, I mean... God! There's nothing we don't have in our house and some things that we have two of."

"Shut up," mutters Martina, but she's laughing.

"We have a massage table," says Lieberman. "Something no home should be



After peaking at 167 pounds in 1976...

without. One day she said, 'Guess what I got.' I thought, 'Oh, no. I shudder to think.' She says, 'A massage table.' I said, 'Oh, good. I didn't know when we were going to get one.' Some people have a different pair of shoes for every day of the week. Martina has a car for every day of the week. She's finicky."

"I have an explanation for every one of those cars," says Martina.

At last count Martina owned seven cars—a Toyota Supra and a Pontiac J car, both of which she won in tournaments, a 733 BMW, the silver Mercedes, a Porsche 928, a 1965 Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud and a white 1976 Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible, which is valued at \$165,000 now.

"I didn't pay that," says Martina. "Used ones run between \$50,000 and \$100,000. It's a gorgeous car. I'm going to keep the Corniche."

"We're going to move into the Corniche," says Nancy, not about to let up. "It's going to be our place of residency."

"I always liked convertibles," says Martina.

"Convertibles, jewelry, watches, food, antiques..."

"No, no, no," says Martina.

"... paintings, wobbly tables, round beds, square beds, long couches, short couches, blue shoes, red shoes, white shoes, big heels, small heels..."

"You're full of it."

"I mean, we have to walk into the airport with blinders on her because she sees ads for watches."

"You know that Delirium watch, the real thin one? I want the female version with the itty-bitty diamonds around it. It's sooo beautiful."

"And it's only \$8,000. Another item no home should be without."

"I'm impulsive," says Martina. "If I see something I like, it doesn't matter if it costs \$100 or \$10,000. But I don't get that way very much... not often... not anymore."

"Cough, cough, cough."

"I don't, Nancy. Don't keep making fun. I used to spend a lot more money than I do now. This year I haven't really spent any money at all."

Lieberman is everything Martina is not—practical, frugal and single-minded. She is a gritty, city-bred optimist who, unlike Martina, carries no excess idealistic baggage. But one thing appalls Lieberman. Waste. Waste of money, waste of talent, waste of opportunity. She saw it all in Martina soon after they met a year ago at a tournament at Amelia Island, Fla. She saw Martina lose in the final there to Evert Lloyd 6-0, 6-0. A month later, Lieberman watched her lose again, to Hanika in the quarters of the French, and she couldn't understand it.

"But once I saw her practice habits, I knew why," says Lieberman. "It was poor practice, and there wasn't enough of it. I always felt if I worked my rear end off, even if I weren't shooting well, some other part of my game would hurt you. If Martina wasn't doing something well, her whole game would fall apart. The better conditioned you are, the stronger you are mentally."

So began a conditioning program that has Martina in the best physical shape of her life. She weighs 145 pounds—down from a high of 167 in early 1976—and is especially proud of the fact that she's now a size 10. She's also all muscle. A skin-fold caliper test in December determined that her body fat accounted for just 8.8% of her total weight. Normal

continued



... Navratilova has reduced her weight to 145, her body fat to 8.8% and her dress size to 10.

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for a female tennis player is 12% to 14%.

"It was Nancy who pushed me," says Martina. "She just wouldn't let me sit still. I'd say, 'I can't go on anymore.' I'd start crying. Literally, because I was so tired. She knew where my limit was better than I did."

"I only wish somehow we had met years ago at a banquet or something," says Lieberman, "like I met Chris and Tracy. I was as hardheaded then as I am now, so I'm sure we would have been good for each other. She would have won five Wimbledon by now."

man, who both had trained strenuously for the Superstars. "It was funny," says Pam Shriver, Martina's doubles partner. "In the bicycling event they go twice around the track. Martina was four back, then three back and then all of a sudden about three-quarters of the way around on the second lap everyone else just stopped. That's what it looked like, at least. I mean Martina poured it on. The others were pedaling but nothing was happening."

Connie Spooner, the Women's Tennis Association's head trainer, watched the

was ending. That was in April 1981. By August, Martina had left the big house in Charlottesville, Va., where she had lived with Brown, and moved into Lieberman's modest town house in Dallas. They share it with a third roommate, Rhonda Rempel, a former teammate of Lieberman's at Old Dominion.

Because of a story in the *New York Daily News* on July 30, 1981 that reported Martina, admitting for the first time that she was bisexual, she and Lieberman felt compelled to set the record straight about their own relationship. So they announced Martina's move to Dallas to the press of that city. They were friends, they said, one bisexual, the other straight, and they had decided to share Lieberman's house because it was financially and professionally convenient. Brown has made references, veiled and otherwise, to Martina's having left her for another woman, but Martina is through talking about the subject, at least for the time being. "I don't care what they say about me," she says. "But Nancy shouldn't have to suffer just for being my friend."

Fortunately, it takes more than a little gossip to get Lieberman down. As she told the *Dallas Morning News*, "I just want to help her, and if people think something else, that's their problem."

Lieberman has helped and so has Renee Richards. During last year's U.S. Open, she signed on as Martina's coach—the first real coach she has had since leaving Czechoslovakia in 1975. Under Richards' supervision Martina has overhauled her game, shot by shot, adding a topspin backhand to her slice, whipping her forehand volley into shape ("I was swinging at it like a ground stroke," she says) and changing her serve to make it more effective.

"I no longer take a step back when I hit it," she says. "And I jump into the ball rather than lean into it, which gives me better pace and better spin. I also stand closer to the baseline so I get a better angle, the way John McEnroe does. That took a while to get used to; not the serving closer to the baseline, because I do that in doubles, but getting back into the middle of the court when I come to net."

Richards is 47 now and no longer plays the circuit. Ample qualified to coach, she is especially well suited to Martina. Richards is a talented athlete, extremely intelligent and, like Martina, a powerful left-handed player. In her earlier

continued



Navratilova entrusts her conditioning to Lieberman (left) and her strokes to Richards (right)

Martina and Lieberman have been working out at SMU's Dedman Center since last summer. Martina on the Universal machines, Lieberman with free weights to strengthen her legs. Nancy can do three sets of 10 squats with 210 pounds of iron on her shoulders, but her musculature barely shows. By contrast, Martina's extraordinary definition is evident even in repose. "I can show you pictures of me when I was eight years old," she says. "I was always all muscles."

One of the first places Martina's new-found fitness showed was in ABC's *Women Superstars* competition at Key Biscayne, Fla., in February. She finished third, behind Anne Meyers, another unemployed basketball player, and Lieber-

same event and said to herself, "Oh my God, her legs are just as strong as my upper body. A year ago she was out of shape, she looked kind of haggard and her game was slipping. Now she's probably the best-conditioned player on the circuit, and that's Nancy's influence. She's also much more up now than she was. Last year I saw her moodier than she'd ever been, and I attribute that to the people she was hanging around with. But she bounced back."

What Martina bounced back from was 14 months in the thrall of Rita Mae Brown, now 37, a novelist best known in lesbian literary circles when they met. Martina and Lieberman became friends just as the Brown phase of Martina's life

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NAVRATILOVA *continued*

life, as Richard Raskand, she had been a highly ranked Eastern player, and in 1974 was No. 13 in the U.S. in the Men's 35s. Also like Martina, she has been through a lot. Finally, and perhaps most important, Richards, along with Lieberman, represents unqualified, unquestioning support. "Competing at a high level in an individual sport is extremely tough," says Sandra Haynie, the LPGA Hall of Fame golfer who shared a house in Dallas with Martina from 1976 to 1978 and who is often credited with having been the first stabilizing influence in her young friend's then helter-skelter life. "You're totally by yourself. You have complete responsibility for success and failure, and that tends to make you feel lonely. Away from the court you want people; you want support."

"Certain parts of Martina have developed and others haven't," says Rose Casals, a veteran touring pro. "She's very easily influenced, very impressionable, and I think she'll be that way forever. But she's very, very generous—probably too much so, because people take advantage of her. She doesn't ever see bad things about people. She'll refuse to see something that's so obvious everybody else sees it and points it out. She'll say, 'What are you talking about?'"

"Martina takes on other people's characteristics," says Evert Lloyd. "I don't know what that quality is. It's not being yourself, really. Maybe it's a searching. When I first got to know her she was lost, more or less. She was torn between going back to Czechoslovakia and wanting to be an American citizen. She was very much alone and very lost and very emotional. But we got along well."

In her soon-to-be-released autobiography, Chrissie Evert Lloyd tells of a doubles match she and Martina lost to Casals and Frankie Durr in 1976. Durr had a dog named Topspin whose job it was to carry her racket off the court in his mouth at the end of a match. The mood was tense because Evert Lloyd had lost to Martina in the singles final. At the conclusion of the doubles match, Topspin, as usual, picked up the racket and trotted off behind Durr. In a moment of inspiration, Martina grabbed Evert Lloyd's racket, put it in her teeth, and walked off the court behind her. Evert Lloyd collapsed in laughter and the tension of the evening was dissipated.

"All the other women at that time—

Margaret Court, Billie Jean—were pretty strong and independent and had their own lives,” says Evert Lloyd. “Martina was a child in a strong body. I think she always felt uncomfortable inside her body. That was a time when we used to double-date, go out with guys, and she had a great time. She was really into it. She was dressing up and looking feminine and everything. But she was heavy, and maybe her self-image wasn’t that good. Adolescence is tough for a girl athlete, especially one who is strong and muscular and not the American type.”

“When I beat her in the semis of the ‘78 U.S. Open, she showed an awful lot of character,” says Shriver. “I was 16 and basically nobody, and she had won Wimbledon two months earlier. I played a tough match and she didn’t play that well. But what she said to the press was so classy, things like, ‘People told me that Pam would choke, but she played it like a champion.’ When a lot of players lose they say this was wrong or that was wrong, a call here, a call there. What Martina did that day impressed me.”

One of the first people Martina impressed was a little old lady the players called Madame Kozelska. She lived in a tiny apartment just off the courts at Klamovka, the ancient, drafty hall that housed the only indoor courts in Prague when Martina began playing there in 1965. Madame Kozelska earned her keep looking after the locker rooms at Klamovka, cleaning up every day after the players were gone. And, of course, she knew everything that was going on.

“She was like a little scuttie bug,” recalls Martina. “She knew who were the bad kids and who were the good kids and who was charming what for lessons and who was a good coach. She saw me play when I was nine, and she knew I was talented, so she told George Parma about me.” Parma had been ranked No. 2 in Czechoslovakia, and when a chronic bad back ended his playing career at age 29, he did what most retired Czech tennis players do—he became a coach. Parma had a slice backhand and an excellent

forehand, both of which he passed on to Martina, but she thinks her style of play was in her genes.

“I was eight years old and I had to come to the net,” says Martina. “My [step]father would say, ‘That’s fine, but now let’s practice your ground strokes.’ When I was at net and someone tried to pass me, I would dive for the ball, literally. The little girls would hit lob, and I’d run back for them and then run right back to the net again. Some kids you couldn’t pull to the net with a crowbar.”

At first Martina was exceptionally

Revnice (pronounced zhevneetza), the little town 15 miles southwest of Prague where Martina grew up, is surrounded by forests and mountains, and she learned to ski before she took up tennis. “My [step] father had a motorcycle, and when it snowed he would pull me on skis through the town. That was fun. It was a great place to be a child. I wouldn’t change that for the world. When I quit playing I want to ski again. Nancy says I have one of everything, but I don’t have a place in the mountains. I love the quiet, only the sound of the wind and your skis in the snow.”

Once she was nine and being coached in Prague, Martina’s life became a whirlwind of school and practice, with a succession of trains and trolleys connecting the two. “I would get out of class at 1:45 and catch the 2:05 train to Prague,” she says. “In between I ate lunch and ran a mile to the station. I was in great shape in those days. I never had time to walk.”

Martina’s mother, Jana, and father, Mirek Subert, were divorced when Martina was three. Three years later Jana married Mirek Navrátil. Subert visited Martina once or twice a year until she was about seven, and then he stopped. “When he didn’t come I’d ask my mother, ‘When will he come to see me?’” says Martina. Not until she was 10 did she learn he had died. He had committed suicide. “My father was very emotional,” says Martina. “I think I am just like him.”

Another blow she suffered last year was the death of her beloved grandmother, Andela Subertova. Almost worse than her death for Martina was the fact that her parents chose not to tell her about it.

She learned of it a month later when she received the traditional black-bordered death notice from an aunt. Martina was sitting in a car parked outside a supermarket in a Dallas shopping center as she spoke of her grandmother, tears streaming down her cheeks. “My grandmother lived in Prague, near the indoor courts at Klamovka,” she said. “She would bring me carrot salad and tell me if I ate it I would see better.”

Three important events in Martina’s

continued



At nine, Martina began receiving instruction from Parma

small for her age, second shortest in a class of 30 in the third grade, but in the eighth grade she shot up. “People said I would stunt my growth from playing so much tennis,” she recalls. “My mother made me little bitty blue shorts, and we wore physical-education T shirts with V necks and canvas shoes. My [step]father would yell at me something awful, but he never beat me up like some of the others. I’ve seen some fathers who beat up their children just for losing.”



Martina's stepfather, mother and half sister were at first as happy as she was when they were reunited with her in Dallas three years ago.

life occurred in 1968, when she was 11. First, Parma left Prague to coach in Austria for a while and Martina's stepfather, who had observed Parma's methods for three years, took over. Second, in August, Martina was allowed to travel to Pilsen to play a junior tournament. She stayed at the home of her best friend and doubles partner, Vera Hrdinova, the niece of Vera Sukova, the coach of the women's national team and a Wimbledon finalist in 1962.

Martina and her stepfather arrived in Pilsen on a Thursday night for the tournament, which was to begin the next day and run through Sunday. On Friday morning Martina and her friend were awakened by a call from her friend's father, telling them not to go outside because there were tanks in the streets.

The Soviet Union had invaded Czechoslovakia, bringing to an end the brief Prague spring of liberalization and, of more importance to Martina at the moment, an end to her exciting weekend. The tournament was canceled, and she and Marek got back on his new motorcycle and returned to Revmice.

"Coming into Pilsen the roads had been clean," recalls Martina. "On the way back they were all torn up by the tanks. There were thousands of cars and tanks and soldiers. It was unreal. Nobody knew it was coming except the guys high up in the government, and nobody knew what effect it would have."

The only direct effect on Martina was that, because of the political situation, Parma never returned to Prague. Today he is teaching tennis in, of all places, Palm Springs. "He's still good-looking," says Martina, "but then he was just gorgeous. When I was nine I had such a crush on him. I still did when I came to this country."

By 1972, when she was 15 and the Czech women's champion, she was competing regularly in Europe and North America and beginning to chafe at the restraints imposed by the Czech Tennis Federation, which controlled players by means of its power to rescind their travel permits. In 1974 she won her first tournament in the U.S., a \$50,000 Virginia Slims event in Orlando, Fla. That year she also would reach at least the semifinals in either singles or doubles or both at the Italian, French, German and Australian opens.

In July 1975, after Wimbledon, Marek, Jana, Martina and her younger half sister, also named Jana, returned to Czechoslovakia by car after a brief vacation in France. Their route took them through Pilsen, where the Czech championships were under way. "Everybody was surprised to see us," says Martina. "This guy in the tennis federation had spread rumors that the whole family had left the country, that we were never going to be seen again. That started it."

The all-powerful tennis federation an-

nounced that it wouldn't allow Martina to enter the U.S. Open at the end of the summer. She was told that she liked the U.S. too much. Only when Jan Kodeš, a Czech who was the 1973 Wimbledon champion, interceded on her behalf did the federation begin to bend. Finally, two days before she had been scheduled to depart, the federation said she could go. "I was a wreck," she says. "But once I was here I knew I wasn't going to go back, so it was just a matter of time until I put it together."

On Friday of the second week of the Open, Martina lost to Evert Lloyd in the semis. That evening Martina and her agent, Fred Barman, went to the offices of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in lower Manhattan. They stayed until 10 p.m. filling out papers. When they had finished, an immigration official told Martina not to say anything about what she had done, and she didn't. "As it turns out, on Sunday *The Washington Post* had a story that said I had asked for political asylum," says Martina. "The guy's telling me to be quiet, and it's in the paper two days later!"

From September 1975, when she was 18, until July 21, 1981, when she became a U.S. citizen in Los Angeles, Martina was officially a stateless person. "It bothered me," she says, with what one can only guess is considerable restraint. "It was very depressing not belonging anywhere."

continued



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By the end of 1979, however, Martina was known everywhere. She was 23, ranked No. 1 in the world and had just won her second straight Wimbledon singles title. She also was a self-made millionaire, and her parents and sister, from whom she had been separated for four years and whom she had thought she might never see again, had at last obtained permission to visit her in the U.S. Finally, the granting of her citizenship appeared to be imminent. One year later, her ranking had slipped to No. 3, she had won no more major championships, her citizenship still hadn't come through and her family had returned to Czechoslovakia several months before it might have been necessary. Martina still earned a record \$749,250 in 1980, but it apparently was not enough to buy peace.

Bad blood had risen between Martina and her parents during the parents' stay in a house she had bought for them in Dallas. Their disapproval of the way she lived her life was part of the reason, but the adjustments they had to make were also daunting. "I was sorry to see them go," says Martina. "but it's so much easier this way. I was their daughter, but I was taking care of them, not just physically but emotionally, too. I was always saying, 'Don't worry, everything will be all right.' And my [step]father is happiest when he's the center of attention. He was a bigger deal at home in Czechoslovakia than he was here, plus he didn't speak the language. But I think my sister will come back someday. She liked it a lot."

The family fences have been patched now, if not entirely mended. With Martina's financial assistance, her parents have bought a larger house close to the tennis courts in Revine and, for the first time, a car. Her stepfather has his old job back, and they are free to come and go these days, so they plan to meet Martina in Paris next week at the French.

Meanwhile, Martina mulls over the past and tries to put together a coherent present. "I found out from my mother when she was here that I have a brother somewhere running about," she says. "My real father had a son before he mar-

ried my mother. And you won't believe how I found out. I went to a psychic. He told me, 'You have a sister,' and he told me about my parents, and he said, 'You were close to your grandmother.' He was right about everything. Then he said, 'You have a brother, too, don't you?' I said, 'No, I don't.' But he kept up about that. I said, 'Well, my mother had a miscarriage, it could have been that.' So, I told my mother how funny it was that this guy kept insisting I had a brother. A psychic, ha, ha, ha. Well, my mother says, 'You do have a brother, don't you know? Didn't I tell you that?' I said, 'No, Mama, I think I would remember that.'



In 1979, "AM My Children" fans got to see Martina play a parent.

ried. Now I think I'm able to ward off the panic. I think I got over it against Jaeger at Hilton Head. I was missing a lot of forehands, so I started putting more spin on the ball. The topspin was bouncing higher and the slice was bouncing lower, and I never made another error. I'm so excited. I really am. Nothing like that ever happened to me on a tennis court."

She leaned back in a chair, not her own, in a house, not her own, in a country, not quite her own, and for a moment looked as if she owned the world. "Arrogance to picnic," she said with a chuckle. "That's a great line. You won't see me go from arrogance to picnic with nothing in between anymore. I know there's still a place for me in the history of tennis. It's not too late."

Of course, surviving as No. 1 is the test of any champion, and Martina failed the first time around. "It's a real mental situation after a while, being No. 1," says Casals. "Chris will tell you, it's not fun when people start gunning for you. I think that for the last two years the intensity has been gone for Martina. But now she's playing the best tennis I've ever seen

her play. Now she knows what it takes."

She also has made peace with some of the devils that used to pursue her. The tennis audiences that once resisted accept her now. Sometimes, as at the U.S. Open last year, they even love her. The press has ceased to hound her about her personal life, for the time being at least, and she seems to have adopted a position in regard to the media that compromises neither her idea of her right to privacy nor her innate honesty. But when Brown's next novel appears—it concerns a woman in her thirties who falls in love with a young woman on the tennis tour—Martina surely will be tested again.

Acceptance has always come slowly to her. She was different. She didn't fit in familiar niches. And she was incapable of calculated charm, of setting out to make people like her. She could only hope that sooner or later tennis fans and the press would take her as she is. Now all that remains to be conquered are the devils on the inside, the ones that have so often grabbed Martina around the heart, just when she most needed to be fearless, and squeezed until even her magnificent talent was no longer equal to the job at hand.

"I have no explanation for why it happens sometimes and not others," she says. "But I think I have the answer for avoiding it and that's to hit out more when the pressure is on. Rod Laver said that's what he

did. Now I think I'm able to ward off the panic. I think I got over it against Jaeger at Hilton Head. I was missing a lot of forehands, so I started putting more spin on the ball. The topspin was bouncing higher and the slice was bouncing lower, and I never made another error. I'm so excited. I really am. Nothing like that ever happened to me on a tennis court."

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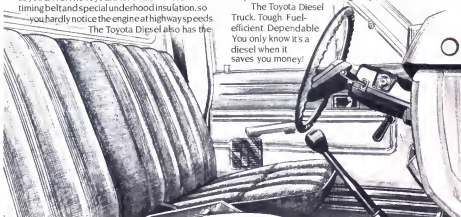
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First Person

by RICHARD PHILLAN

A WATERFALL IN THE REMOTE MEXICAN WILDS GIVES UP A PIECE OF THE ROCK

In 1966 I backpacked to Basaseachic, the lovely, little-known 1,000-foot waterfall in Mexico's Sierra Madre, west of Chihuahua, and almost died there. It was clean and primitive then. Now off-road vehicles have brought visitors, and some of them have hacked it up with dirty campsites and cut trees.

A small creek makes the waterfall. It falls the full 1,000 feet through the air—*not* really a bridal veil, more of a long white ribbon, a wonder of nature, charming rather than stupendous.

My fellow hiker was a friend named Newton Sikes, then and now a ranger in the National Park Service, backpacking in Mexico to get away from his office. A logging truck brought us to the general area of the fall. We didn't know where it was exactly, and accepted vague, conflicting directions from dirt farmers, housewives and boys walking home from school.

But we did find it, after plodding pleasantly for a day or two through fine April weather. Beyond a village called Tónachic there were no more roads, just trails. They linked little mountain farms whose pale gray dirt was being plowed by yokes of oxen. Where two trails crossed we found a general store in a hut with an inventory worth perhaps \$12: cigarettes, soda pop, matches, aspirin, thread. The store's owner was a woman, bearing up under a bad headache.

How far, we asked her, was the village of Basaseachic? "If you're walking tired," she said, "you'll get there after dark." We were uncertain, not tired. Her directions were confusing, like everyone else's. So before sundown, we made camp.

A fine spot: a pine grove beside a pretty stream. We put thick mats of pine straw under the canvas floors of our tents, and piled more against the sloping sides for insulation. April nights are cold in the Mexican mountains. Water, boiled in our cooking pots after supper, was usually used over by sunrise, sometimes as much thick. But it was worth thawing for our canteens because we liked the wood-smoke flavor better than the municipal-

swimming-pool taste of water purified with Halozone.

The stream we camped beside that night turned out to be the one that made the waterfall. We followed it the next day, crossing it on rocks, wading it when we had to, wondering if we were in the wrong valley altogether. Then, about 4 p.m., we realized that all the imprecise directions had somehow canceled each other out and brought us to Basaseachic.

You come to it from upstream, so your first awareness is not of the waterfall but of the gorge beyond, into which it pours. The canyon floor you walk on is clean rock, with the stream moving briskly in a trough it has cut down the middle. At the brink, the water goes silently over the edge, turns white, changes to slow motion and falls as delicately as the efflores-

cence of fireworks through the air. It sounded like a series of little hard rainstorms, each lasting about five seconds.

The next day was sunny as usual. Spring in the Sierra looks like autumn because it is the dry season. Things don't turn green or wild flowers bloom till mid-summer, when it rains.

Climbing alone above the waterfall to take some pictures, crossing a jumble of rocks, I stepped onto one the size of a bathtub. It dropped silently from beneath my feet. With no instructions from me, my arms embraced an adjoining rock as my body fell past it. I hung there, legs waving like feelers in search of a toehold (which after a while I found) while from below came the sound of the big rock smashing trees and bushes and other rocks as it went on down and down.

This event gave me the biggest charge of adrenaline my bloodstream has ever carried. Shaking, I crawled to a place that seemed safe. But was it? That gray boulder had looked like the Rock of Ages. The Sierra Madre, or anyway a lot of it, is tuff, defined in *Geology Made Simple* as "rock formed from the lithification of volcanic ash." Tuff erodes faster than most other rock, which explains the narrow slashed canyons of western Chihuahua, some of them a mile deep.

Even so, tuff is solid and heavy and you can drive tent pegs with a piece of it. It must have required a few hundred thousand years for that boulder to erode to the point where my weight made the critical difference. Perhaps I can claim to have been almost killed by the passage of geological time.

It took half an hour for my panic to clear. I sat and waited, proud of my resourceful body, which had done the whole lifesaving procedure by itself—hugged the rock, found the toehold, climbed up the short, difficult distance to safety. I was just its terrified passenger.

Newt, enduring his only day of illness on the trip, had stayed in camp and had moved our tents to a good place about a hundred yards upstream from the waterfall. With plenty of leisure for such things, he had made a camp of oldtime Army neatness—the two tents exactly parallel on a bed of sand, a big supply of firewood sorted and stacked. He had equipped each tent with a kind of wooden doormat made of old shingles found in the stream bed, washed down from some sawmill by last year's floods. They were for standing on while we undressed and

continued



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JOHN SPANNA

FIRST PERSON *(continued)*

for leaving our boots on during the night. Our one-man tents were comfortable, but too small for any activity other than breathing.

Newt was the experienced outdoorsman. I learned from him. He had started camping in the pine forests and around the sawmills of Georgia at the age of 10; the forests of the Sierra Madre were in some ways a homecoming for him. Pine needles, he said, are culled pine straw. Fried salt pork is known as sawmill chicken in some parts of Georgia. When more firelight is needed for a chore, a fat pine knot is the answer. From three or four well-selected rocks, Newt could build a little cook stove that supported perfectly our soup pot and our bean pot. He built a stove at the end of each day while I put up the tents. We left a string of cook stoves in western Chihuahua, some of them in such remote places that they are probably undisturbed even now. (It is a strangely moving moment when an outdoorsman returns and finds the rock fireplace he made and cooked on years before. It has happened to me, and I have seen it happen to another hiker.)

A blue-eyed Mexican farm boy of 13, who had been fishing below the waterfall, sold us seven little trout for two pesos. Probably his great-grandfather was one of the German or English mining engineers who added blue eyes to the local gene pool in the 1890s. The boy was a personate fisherman with rudimentary equipment—a stick, a string and a barbless homemade hook. We gave him four brand-new fish hooks, mean-looking and shiny. They made him wildly happy.

Lacking fat, we wrapped the trout in foil, buried them in earth and built a fire on top. We hadn't cooked anything that way before, and expected a bit of a mess, but the fish turned out to be excellent—delicious after days of jerky, precooked beans and dry soup mixes. Backpacking in the mountains for weeks at a stretch, you sacrifice variety and go for basic commodities in bulk—half-gallon plastic bags of powdered eggs, Birchler Muesli, shelled pecans. Our custom-made jerky developed a patina, gray-green like that on the copper spires of Copenhagen. We scrubbed it off with our toothbrushes and stream water, wondering if we were wrong to do so. It may have been penicillin.

The trail into the lower canyon is rough but not dangerous. Some prankish boy had hung a dead snake from a limb

(continued)

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FIRST PERSON *continued*

that overhung a switchback. If you were looking the wrong way, it would brush your face just after you made the turn. About halfway down, the trail comes to a scenic overlook, placed by nature about where a Swiss hotel owner would put it. Looking up, we could see the top of the waterfall. Looking down, we saw the green pool into which it plunged. It fell past us quite silently, some 60 feet away, and the wind blew a little spray into our faces.

We had packed up and brought everything down, planning to spend the night in the gorge, but the place was inhospitable. There was no level ground to sleep on, the plunge pool was cold under its eternal rain and the stream bed below it so filled with boulders—rocks the size of elephants, PT boats, bungalows—that the water could only rarely be seen. It was all too easy to remember that these big rocks hadn't been formed in place by erosion but had fallen into the stream from on high. And easy to fear that another one, big enough to cover us in our tents as a man's boot covers a June bug, might come loose while we slept.

The waterfall itself, pure and graceful from above, when seen from down there against its stained brown cliff suggested a factory sewer draining into a canal. We climbed back out to the smooth rock and clean sand above, and put our tents back where they had been that morning.

In unfamiliar country you come upon the best campsites about 10 a.m. When you do find a good one at quitting time, you linger the next day and enjoy it. This was a good one, so we loafed a little on our second morning, drinking extra cups of coffee and doubling our breakfast ration of powdered eggs. The pale mountain sunlight stenciled our undershirts on our backs in half an hour. We mended things, washed socks, bathed in the stream.

The kids who climbed in and out of the canyon with fishing poles and cans of hellgrammites said they came from the village of Basasechic, which was *all*—over yonder. Yes, they said. We could get a meal there, at Dofa Trim's. Over yonder was an hour's walk, the village perhaps 20 houses strung out over miles in a high, dry valley. There were no signboards of any kind in the remote mountain settlements. Commercial establishments were few, and all but a tiny fraction of their customers were local people who knew what and where they were. A

continued

10-year-old boy agreed to lead us to Dofa Trini's. On the trail we met a slightly bigger boy. We all halted. Newt and I waited while the boys, muttering rapidly, both heads bent over an open palm, worked out a trade of marbles. Then we resumed our walk.

In Dofa Trini's 1895 kitchen we sat at an oilcloth-covered table while she built up the fire in her wood-burning range. She was a lively little woman of about 70, with long gray braids and an apron. Her kitchen was well scrubbed and it smelled good. It was midafternoon, but we were in the habit of eating whenever we found purchasable food. Dofa Trini fried us three eggs apiece, served beans with goat cheese melted on top and made a pot of good Mexican coffee. All through the meal her teen-aged helper brought us hot tortillas while our young guide sat in a corner drinking a large room-temperature Pepsi-Cola.

"Would you like some peaches?" the old woman asked as she got down a quart of the pickled fruit from a shelf. "I put these up last year." We ate them all, with more coffee and with pan dulces, which are pastries about midway in sweetness between bread and cake.

"You have been to the waterfall," Dofa Trini told us. The local people have their own tracking system for strangers. They always knew where we were and where we had been. "Come back in the time of the waters. It is larger then."

And so it is. Although we were never to see it that way, an aerial photomural in an office in the city of Chihuahua shows the waterfall in rainy season. It isn't a chaste white ribbon; it is, after a heavy rain, a muddy horror 70 yards wide, filling its canyon, taking drowned cows and uprooted trees and 1,000-pound rocks over the brink and down. Not many people ever see it like that, for the logging roads and the foot trails become impassable after the heavy rains and the mountain communities are cut off even from one another.

Recently, again in the dry season, I went back to Basasenchic to see if I could, with caution, crawl up to the gap left by the rock that dropped from under me in 1966 and peer down and see how far I might have fallen. I couldn't find it. Everything looked as if there had been no change in centuries. Except, alas, for the tracks made by off-road vehicles, and litter, and the words EL PASO CITY LIMIT sprayed on the canyon wall.

END

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TIME
INCORPORATED

PERSPECTIVE

by JOEL GLUCKSMAN

IN FENCING YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH YOURSELF AS WELL AS YOUR OPPONENT

Fencing is based on the ancient art or craft of killing your fellow man. But there's a lot more to it than that. As a sport, it shifts the focus from killing to the various ways of doing the deed without causing death. By blunting the swords, it transforms aggression into creativity. Fencing has the closeness and intensity of boxing. Like boxing it places value on technique and tactics. It is different from boxing in that its object isn't to punish one's opponent physically or to destroy him, but to undo him. This beightens the importance of technique and strategy.

There's also a sort of magic that enables you to see a "conversation" between the blades. A beautiful touch, worth a point in fencing, seems to result from a curious cooperation between adversaries. A bout becomes a dialogue, building from point to point, tell-

What goes on in the mind of a fencer is similar to what goes on in the mind of a pedestrian in a crowded city. When he walks out the door of his apartment, he is immediately on the alert. Hurrying through the streets, he's constantly judging the spaces between people so he can slide by and be ready for the next wave of people coming at him. He has to judge courses, intentions and character and act with great speed.

In fencing, developing the ability to make such calculations takes a lot of training, which, like all true transformation, is both simple and mysterious. The process begins with the coach or master. He's the keeper of the technique. The student is taught balance, distance, footwork, blade work and how to coordinate them all. He learns by hitting the master. The master, who is padded, plays the role of the opponent, except that his job is to get hit, not to defend himself. He gives an opening or a series of openings, and the student must respond with the correct action at the correct moment. The master watches and fine-tunes until the action is smooth and executed from the right distance—the fencer's body extended to the proper degree so that the movement is neither cramped nor strained. During the lesson the student must be at his best, because the typical fencing master is a harsh judge of the sport he loves.

"You lazy, lousy good-for-nothing," chided my first master, a Hungarian, who taught me for eight years, as he guided me through a sequence of rhythmic blade movements, surprising me somewhere along the line with a change of tempo. And in booming, incredulous tones, he'd say, "Have you no spirit to fight? Are you a fencer?" My second coach, also for eight years and also Hungarian, was world renowned for his technique and toughness, and he taught with a voice full

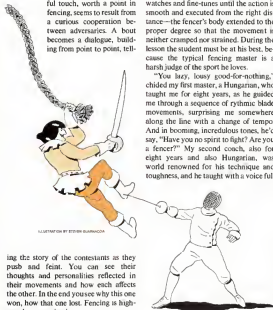
of wrath and contempt. "Or you do, or you don't. Is up to you, sir," he'd say sneeringly. This was his way of warning me that if I made a mistake, a lightning-fast slap with the blade across my thighs would follow. Over time you become increasingly adept at deflecting or avoiding these punishment cuts that are timed to take precise advantage of an error. One day I parried his vicious blow and then cracked him back with the hardest riposte that I could master. He rubbed his mask and growled, "Sorry, sir," I said.

A fencer has a long career. Though he may begin training seriously in his teens, he may not achieve his prime until his late 20s or early 30s and then may hold top form until his late 30s. He's always taking lessons. And he's always doing drills and free fencing to integrate the moves learned in lessons into spontaneous combinations. He also takes part in tournaments to hone his ability to move and evaluate an opponent at the same time, to plan and react at the right moment under pressure. The steps are well rehearsed, but you don't know the whole dance until you're on the strip. If you have talent and can absorb a master's teaching, you slowly work up the ladder to local, then national, ranking and finally to international status.

The 36th annual World Championships, held in 1981, were a severe two-week test of the skill and resourcefulness that is peculiar to fencing. The most formidable participants are from the dominant European fencing powers—the Soviet Union, Italy and France—whose teams meet at big tournaments all year long. They supply the officers of the sport's international administrative body and fill the seats on the tournament committees and the ranks of the officials. In this last capacity, they perform a critical function, because the judging in one of the three weapons, sabre, allows for a large degree of subjectivity. (In foil and épée, on the other hand, touches are signalled by an electric scoring machine connected to the fencer and his weapon by a body cord.) Lesser powers are West Germany, Hungary and Poland. The supporting cast consists of the outsiders—Canada, the U.S., Mexico, Venezuela, Cuba, Australia, Japan and now the Republic of Korea and the People's Republic of China.

The World Championship tournament doesn't fit a neat time slot, as a football game does. It's more like a battle: It

continued



ing the story of the contestants as they push and feint. You can see their thoughts and personalities reflected in their movements and how each affects the other. In the end you see why this one won, how that one lost. Fencing is high-speed communication.

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starts early in the morning with 100 to 130 competitors in each discipline, lasts into the night and resumes with the survivors the next morning. At first light on the opening day, the arena is aswarm with pairs jockeying and charging, warming up and then going at it for real. In five quick five-touch bouts, you must establish a game and prove yourself. In each pool of six fencers, three or four advance to the next round. As the day wears on, the field shrinks. Scores of good fencers are swept from the scene. The pairs grind against each other until there is only the winner.

The U.S. participates in world-level competition on the average of once a year. In 1982 it will be at the World Championships, which will take place in July in Rome. Being out of touch with the people, pace and intensity of European competition places us at a disadvantage, though we occasionally have had finalists. We face fencers from both sides of the Iron Curtain who are professional or at least are given substantial travel

grants. For us, fencing is something of a dream. Despite all the considerations that argued against my doing well, when I made our team for the most recent World Championships, in Clermont-Ferrand, France last July, I knew I had to go. At 32 I had trained seriously for years and I needed to know where I stood.

The results reflected our inexperience. In the individual events our best showings were a 22nd place in women's foil by 19-year-old Jana Angelakis of Peabody, Mass., a 30th place in épée by Holt Farley, 28, of Bedford, Mass., a 36th in sabre by Stan Lekach, 34, of New York City and a 38th in men's foil by George Nonomura, 23, of San Francisco, who in his first World Championships missed the final round of 32 by a few touches. In the four-man team events, we took an eighth in foil, our young men coming within a few touches of toppling the Olympic-champion French, and another eighth in sabre.

I went out in the first round of the individual sabre competition. My tech-

nique and savvy were equal to the situation, my strength of purpose was not. As soon as I was knocked out, I realized I was as good as my opponent, a Pole. In that first bout.

In the three days that followed I didn't fret. I watched the fencing and soaked up the rhythm and drive of my fellow competitors, feeding my brain through my eyes. I projected myself onto the strip and fenced the bouts I was watching. I read bodies for letdowns, telltale signs. Every day I took a one-hour lesson from my coach.

By the time of the team sabre event I was self-possessed, though I didn't know it, because what I possessed or was possessed by was the beginnings of a new self. The energies were no longer confused, but were channeled to the right places. Our team made it through the first day of competition, beating Spain and losing to Hungary to make it out of the first round, and then beating Great Britain to achieve the final group of eight. I was the substitute and fenced in-

continued

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museum collections

PERSPECTIVE continued

frequently but well when called on. I beat two top fencers. That night as I sat in my bath an inner voice said: You are going to fence well tomorrow, very well. And I had no doubt.

The second day we were up with the big boys. We went against the Soviet Union, which hadn't finished lower than second in this event in 19 years. I was fencing in the lead-off bout. Going immediately to the attack. I got the first touch. Then my opponent and I battled until the score was tied 4-4 with one touch to go. I drove my rival to the end of the strip, where the director of judges warned him that if he went off the end a touch would be called against him. He took off his mask to wipe his brow. I saw the same expression that I had seen on the face of the Pole in my first-round pool. I hadn't been able to take advantage of what I sensed in that bout because I hadn't believed then that I could successfully act on my instinct against a top-flight fencer. The Pole's look had said that he had a limit. My Soviet rival seemed to be saying the same thing, and today I was going to press him past that limit. It was almost as if revealing his face had been a deliberate act of communication. I revved up and went on the attack before he could. He was going backward when I cut, but with typical Soviet competence he parried. Somehow this didn't bother me, even though the odds were that he would hit me with the riposte. I hadn't charged in so close as to lose my balance, but delivered my attack from a little longer distance than usual. I was able to follow the course of his blade in comfort as he tried to hit me. His riposte dropped on my guard and I hit him with my second cut.

In my eagerness to win I lost my next two bouts. My pace and my patience had disappeared. Though the bouts were close, I didn't have the feel to make them go my way. One of my teammates, Peter Westbrook of New York City, a three-time world-class finalist, won two bouts, and we lost 9-3. But my spirit was never down, never hesitant. I would fix what was wrong.

We then lost to the Italians and ended up fencing the French for seventh place. They had also lost twice, putting up tremendous fights. We quickly fell three bouts behind. In the last half of the match I went in for a bout against their strong man, Jean-François Lamour, a world-class finalist who had been mopping up

continued



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VISION



David Douglas Davies

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PERSPECTIVE *continued*

our guys. When I got out to the strip, a change came over me, a clarity, a state of mind I had worked and prayed for—alert, pumped up and poised. Animal and intuitive.

I didn't care who he was. This time I didn't think: Here I am an American on the Continent, everything will fail. My concentration was total, I was fierce. I went after him but saw my cut fall short on his guard and felt him tag me hard on the mask. One touch against me, but it didn't dent my belief that I was going to win. I resumed my assault, and as he hung back for me to repeat my misjudgment, I lengthened my attack by another measure, getting in closer, and faked to the place he was expecting me to go for. When he hit, I went around the other side. We traded touches, and I continued to keep him a bit off balance, forcing him backward as he tried to parry my attacks. He preferred to fight as a counterattacker, and, besides, I wasn't about to give him any choice in the matter. I went up 3-2 when I offered him an apparent opportunity to thwart my attack by lowering my head in mock hesitation. He took me up on it and launched a fast cut that I whipped up to parry, hammering him in return.

None of these actions was traceable to conscious thought or overt planning, because in a match such as this even strategy becomes subliminal. It was just a matter of keeping the distance, feeling what my opponent was up to and then either pressing him or letting him be. At 3-2 the bout still hung in the balance. A picture flashed through my mind, a freeze-frame of my first cut landing short on his guard. Then there was only the clear scene of my opponent across from me, a large man waiting to crush me. I picked up where I had left off, pushing. I quickened my pace and gained a step. Then I beat his blade aside and cut him.

With one touch to go he had finally become a little shifty. He didn't want me to attack anymore and so he began to move in on me. But his movement wasn't smooth. He hesitated for a split second as he was getting underway and I jumped straight into the opening. All my years of training had prepared me for that moment, and my new mind made me act at precisely the right instant. I had never felt so in control before, so sure of myself. Now I know I can do it because I have done it. It took 16 years to get that way. The power of the will over time.

END



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BY GEORGE!

Sir,

As a lifelong Yankee fan, I appreciated Steve Wolf's article *This Time George Went Overboard* (May 10). I became disillusioned with George in 1979 when he traded First Baseman Chris Chambliss. I feel that was the onset of his now infamous acts. How can Steinbrenner say his players are disloyal when he's the most traitorous Yankee of all?

We fans have lost our spirit and enthusiasm. Even an evening spent viewing our Yankees on TV and listening to our colorful announcer, Phil Rizzuto, seems dull and lifeless. Can this be 1966, when the Yankees finished last, all over again? Let's hope not!

JOAN JACOBSEN
Wayne, N. J.

Sir,

You may think I'm crazy, but I believe George Steinbrenner is the best owner in baseball. He just has managerial problems. All George likes to do is win; you can't blame him for that.

ANDREW VALLILA
Lyndhurst, N.J.

Sir,

The Yankees have always been a team of personalities who generate great emotions. Colonel Ruppert put up with the off-field shenanigans of Babe Ruth, and Dan Topping and Del Webb with the midnight antics of the Mickey Mantle-Whitely Ford group, sometimes putting the interests of the team and the fans above their own values. But George pontificates on his values and how unappreciative his players are of his generosity. George speaks of Yankee tradition, and then asks us to settle for a different line-up every day, depending on his personal whims.

The question is: Do we Yankee fans want a winner at all costs? No! Sure, we want a team that's a contender, but, more important, we want one with personality, spirit and pride in tradition. That's what we were trying to tell you that night, George. Can you hear us?

BOB ADLER
New York City

Sir,

The Yankees are the best team in baseball. If George would just leave them alone, they would probably win the World Series easily.

WILLIE SOPPE
Great Lakes, Ill.

GEORGIA'S MAN

Sir,

Thanks for a splendid article on Bert Jones (L.A. Gets a New Leading Man, May 10). Bert has given this lifelong Baltimore Colt fan many thrills. It's a shame the Colts' poor record

in recent years and the ignorance of Baltimore's front-runner fans—not to mention the team's owner—forced Jones to leave town under a cloud of controversy.

I wish Bert the best of luck in L.A. and can assure him that he will be greatly missed in Memorial Stadium. However, I dread the thought of seeing him in a Rams uniform for years to come. As the opening photograph on page 46 so eloquently showed, he was meant to wear Colt blue.

RYLAND BALDERSON
Kingsale, Va.

Sir,

Give it up, SL. Where were you in 1975, 1976 and 1977 when Bert Jones was in his prime and had the city of Baltimore in the palm of his hand? Problem was, he couldn't get past Terry Bradshaw or the first round of the playoffs!

Good luck to Bert with the Rams. Unfortunately, he won't be missed.

FRANK FLORENTINO
Baltimore

Sir,

While Bert Jones and Georgia Frontiere make an attractive picture, I can't understand the absence of Kentucky Derby winner Gato del Sol from your May 10 cover. Churchill Downs, Arthur Hancock and Leone Peters put on a sports classic, and you showed up in a football jersey! Bring me Bert and Georgia in the fall.

RICHARD E. MEERS
Winchester, Ky.

EXCUSING USC

Sir,

Your editorial "Making Cost-of-Living and Other Allowances for Cheating at USC" (SCORECARD, May 10) cut through the smoke screen of jargon that shamelessly emanated from Southern Cal President James H. Zumberge's mouth as he sought to justify USC's violations of NCAA regulations for at least a decade. Here we have the sorry spectacle of a major university that placed the quest for national titles and Rose Bowl victories above the search for truth and learning. We also have an athletic department that got beyond administrative control. Indeed, the tail wagged the dog at USC, and cheating contributed significantly to the building of a tainted football empire. One may ask now: What price glory?

FRANK R. WYNN
Los Alamitos, Calif.

Sir,

USC may have been cheating by current NCAA rules, as do many other schools, but college football has outgrown the restrictions placed on it by the NCAA. It's no longer

Princeton vs. Harvard. The major colleges are proving grounds for future NFL stars.

Why should an athlete be punished for not being classroom smart? We're not talking about a person with no intelligence, because an athlete must learn the intricate offensive and defensive schemes of today's game. What's more, for the marginal student there is no other path to the NFL that provides as high a level of coaching and medical care. As for those who leave school with no degree or those—the vast majority—who fail to make NFL teams, they still leave school better people for the experience, having made contacts they couldn't have made otherwise.

As for the scalping of tickets by USC Assistant Coach Marv Goux, SL says, "Although ticket scalping has long been common at other schools, there's no proof that it has ever been as extensive or as well organized as at USC." USC isn't being punished for scalping tickets, but for being well organized about it.

TONY FREDERICK
Eagleview, Pa.

Sir,

The attempt to excuse the misdeeds of the athletic department of the University of Southern California by Zumberge and the reasons given by Goux for scalping tickets for the athletes seem flimsy. Perhaps a better way to teach young people to face the world would be to teach them to be honest at all times. Excellent advice came from an elderly Southern preacher some time ago: "If it's wrong and everybody does it, it's still wrong," he said. "If it's right and nobody does it, it's still right." Perhaps the earlier these young athletes learn this little goody the better.

GARRY E. LITSEY
Calimesa, Calif.

SHORT CLOCK

Sir,

The Viewpoint (May 10) by Arnold Schechter advocating a shot clock in college basketball comes none too soon. To his seven points I would add the following:

81 As in football and baseball, basketball should be a game of offense versus defense. In football, a ball-control team must get a first down—in effect, attempt to score—or lose possession. In baseball, a team at bat must get runners on base—in effect, an attempt to score—or return to the defense. In basketball, without a shot clock, a team has the option of keeping the ball and not trying to score, which is like being in neutral. This certainly isn't in keeping with the object of team sports.

91 Stalling leads to a paradoxical situation that encourages deliberate infractions of rules on contact (flooding). Team A, if behind, often

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

will commit a foul, hoping for a missed free throw by team B. Team A then has a chance to gain possession. What we have is a situation where it may be to A's advantage to break the rules. A shot clock would go a long way toward rectifying this. Another step would be to award possession to the team being fouled in the final minutes even if the foul shot were missed.

H.T. BUDOFF
Hampton, Va.

Sir,

I read with interest Arnold Schechter's VIEWPOINT concerning the shot clock and, in particular, how it related to the Sun Belt Conference. As he indicated, it has been one of the biggest assets to our conference in providing quality basketball entertainment over the past four years.

However, the article said that there had been 19 violations "this year" as a result of the shot clock going off before a shot was taken. That is incorrect. The 19 violations occurred in a total of 164 conference games over the last four years. In other words, there have been fewer than five violations a year.

BRAY CARY
Assistant Commissioner
Sun Belt Conference
Tampa

Sir:

I believe Arnold Schechter missed the mark. If the fans aren't in tune with the current game, how come attendance and TV exposure keep increasing every year? That's the bottom line. College fans not only enjoy watching their team play, but they also enjoy watching coaches coach. The current college game is a true study of coaching strategies. I can't say that about the pros.

TOM BUGLIONE
Albany, Ore.

Sir:

Arnold Schechter is correct. College basketball needs a shot clock. The real culprit, however, is the game clock. It should be thrown out. Instead, teams should play two 40-point halves, i.e., the first half ends when one team scores 40 (or 41) points, and the game ends when one team has 80 (or 81) points. All fouls would be shot. Under those conditions, teams would play pure basketball. Coaches would have to teach offense and clean defense, because each foul would permit the opponent to move nearer the magic 80th point. With the game clock gone, in theory a team down 79-0 could still win. In Yogi Berra's words, a game wouldn't be over until it was over.

JOHN MCCORMACK
Dallas

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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